# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii, AD PASCENT.

VOLUME XLVIII.

FROM JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1923.

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

PHILADELPHIA.

610 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE

# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

"Contributors to the QUARTERLY will be allowed all proper freedom in the expression of their thoughts outside the domain of defined doctrines, the REVIEW not holding itself responsible for the individual opinions of its contributors."
(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

Vol. XLVIII.—APRIL, 1923—No. 190.


## PHASES OF THE PICTURESQUE

IN A DARK corner of the Louvre Picture Gallery there hung, many years ago, a picture of a large Lombardic church front, with black and white marble colonnettes, twisted and untwisted, set in the receding planes of the high doorways. Steps go down to the sea, and the waves throw their foam almost on to the marble pavement of the narrow piazzetta. Storm clouds hang above; and a Turkish-robed figure, with his boat moored against the steps, walks pensively up and down. Whether the architectural part of this scene exists, or ever has existed, on some Dalmatian island, I know not. But the contrast of architecture and restless waves, the marble piazza, the dark clouds and meditative Turk; all make together such a suggestive combination of contrasts, that looking back through these thirty years, I still remember it as a first-rate example of the Picturesque. And what please is the "Picturesque"? Ruskin says it is "Parasitic Sublimity." This is a strong phrase; but there is strength too beneath the grip. See this old woman who has set up her stall of vegetables between a buttress and the wondrous-carved portal of a mediaeval cathedral. There is something indeed of the parasite about this old woman, encroaching to her own profit on the venerable Gothic pile; but there is nothing of the sublime about her, or her cabbages. Moreover, looking at the noble pile in itself, there is nothing noticeably sublime even here. Yet we are conscious of something sublime somewhere; and I think we shall find it in the daring contrast. Those venerable walls rising so high to the glory of God seem only to rise all the

higher, while the rich carving of the portal looks all the nobler from its contrast with the ignoble parasitic cabbages below.

See now this group of youthful beauty, laughing in the shade of a ruined temple. The sublime is not in the decay of a noble building, nor yet in the grace and beauty of youth. But there is something suggestive of the sublime in the relationship between the two. Age, decay and ruin are not sublime in themselves, but only in their contrast with something else. It is only when the opposition, the disintegrating, the "parasitic" element enters on the scene, that beauty and strength become sublime. Now come back with me to that dark corner in the Louvre. There is perhaps something of the parasite in those foaming waves, and—perhaps, too, in the meditative Turk, who with his boat moored against the island steps, seems to have made a domicile of some sort in these Western isles, not perhaps so very far away. However, whether or not they be parasites, the architecture, the courage of man building thus in the very sea, planting his fine basilica in the midst of the waves; the unwordliness of Christian worship building so lavishly in an island where it will never be seen—all this seems to suggest the sublime: this sudden contrast of sea and land, East and West, Christianity and Turk, architecture and waves—the parasitic element in the one evoking the sublime in the other.

Now, to a certain point, I think Ruskin's aphorism does very well; only, if we take the words too strictly, they carry us too far. "Parasitic" is a strong, and an ugly word. Look at that old castle on a craggy hill. It is not a ruin, yet picturesque it certainly is. Where does the parasitic element come in here? Is it the rock pushing up into the walls of the old bastion; or is the castle itself the parasite, fitting so gracefully into the slopes of the hill and sitting in triumph on its crest? Whether or not we need a parasite to call forth the sublime, we certainly need contrast and opposition of some kind. Man's art is always imposing limits to the encroachments of nature, while nature is ever laboring to disintegrate man himself and his work. But the picturesque, I think, requires something more than opposition and contrast. The opposing forces must play into one another's hand, draw out the courage, and by their very opposition set forth the virtues of their antagonist; till finally, by compromise and mutual service, they combine into perfect unity of subject. See how gracefully that rock grows into the castle wall, and how naturally man's art grows out of the hill. The graceful combination of the contrasts—or, if you will, of the parasite and its victim—is as necessary to the picturesque as the contrasts themselves. If the contrasts call forth the sublime, the combination of them perfects and com-

pletes the picturesque. If the contrasts dominate in one subject, their combination predominates in another. And in our castle on the hill, it is perhaps the happy combination of the contrasts, rather than the contrasts themselves, which most goes to make up the picturesque.

Now the human figure is not, I think, an essential part of the picturesque. Yet if it does enter the picture it takes a prominent part in the contrasts and their combinations. *Contrasting* under one aspect, it will—*noblesse oblige*—*combine* under another with the landscape or architectural setting. One thing, however, it will never do. It never admires or enjoys the scene of which itself forms a part. Nevertheless, it will take on the mood, and share, though unconsciously, in sympathy with the scene. See how that beggar's rags by their very contrast draw your attention to the rich sculpture of the doorway under which he sits. See how his sordid misery seems to emphasize the generosity of those who planned and carved that rich ornament to the glory of God; how his irreverent unconcern provokes your veneration for the sacredness of the place. Yet, in spite of all these contrasting—these parasitic—elements, the beggar and his rags combine with, enter into, and form part of the subject. See how his impudent appeal to your Christian charity is perfectly in harmony with the sacred character of the place; see how he rests on its steps, shelters under its shadow, and shares in its stability and silence.

I gave it as my opinion that man need not form an actual part in the subject-matter of the picturesque. Yet the human element must, I think, be suggested. If the picturesque demands the sublime, the sublime involves some relationship with man, his difficulties, sorrows, struggles, consolations and triumphs. No solitary landscape can be picturesque without some trace of man. Yon hills in all their silent grandeur lay no claim to the picturesque. But now see that little path winding round and over the hills, now turning aside to give place to a huge boulder, now descending a ravine, now crossing a stony torrent by a tiny bridge, now climbing up by the side of a rill. Here we have the picturesque—and why? Because the arduous element brings inanimate nature into relationship with man. See the contrast of man's footprints passing in patient triumph over the huge bulk of the hills. Yet see, too, the combining element; how the little path identifies itself with the hills, traces their formation, betrays their material, emphasizes their grace and grandeur, and says so plainly, "See the beauty of the hills through which I climb." Yes indeed, the picturesque demands contrasts, disintegrating, in fact, very often, "parasitic" contrasts; but in the end the contrasts must meet in compromise, combine together, and coalesce in unity of sub-

ject. From all I have now said, I ought not, I think, to be accused of presumption, if I propose a definition of the picturesque, feebler perhaps than the aphorism of Ruskin, yet capable of a more universal application. The picturesque, I think, is a very perfect combination of contrasts, far removed in character from one another; so much so in fact, that one of the contrasts will often threaten the existence of the other; and this combination of contrasts must suggest the sublime.

And now comes an important question. What about the *reality* of the picturesque; is it merely subjective, or has it a real foundation in the thing itself? True—what is picturesque to me in a strange country and a strange scene, quite apart from my picturesque temperament, is not picturesque to one accustomed to the sight. There are no contrasts to him, for the daily repetition of such scenes has blended the contrasts into the commonplace. There are, I believe, some traits of the picturesque entirely subjective—such as dress, which besides being graceful, apt and pleasing in itself, is picturesque to me because I am accustomed to seeing the same human form in another, and a very different garb. Only one of the contrasts is here present *in concreto,* the other exists subjectively in my mind. Another subjective element in the picturesque is, I think, some particular fact of knowledge. The fact of these walls being beautifully colored with moss and weather-beaten stains is not alone responsible for their "parasitical sublimity." It is because I personally—perhaps through the guide book—know them to have stood there two thousand years, that they form a striking contrast in my mind with the short-spanned life of the human figures seated in silence beneath them. Why again does that Byzantine column and capital—quite apart from its own beauty—become so picturesque built into a Saracenic doorway? True—they vary and blend well together; but apart from that, it is only the subjective element, my knowledge of history—meagre perhaps though it be—which detects the contrasts, and supplies the connection between them. I have read perhaps of the parasitic encroachments of the Arab, Saracen and Moor on our Western shores; of their gradual absorption into the native populations; and thus I am conscious, not only of harmony and variety in art, but also of the historical reality of the contrasts, and of their happy combination in such perfect architectural ornament.

But there is another phase of the subjective picturesque. It is when the contrasts are perceived not simultaneously, but following one on the other. A scene becomes picturesque from its contrast with another just presented to the mind: such, for instance, as the impression you receive on reaching the quiet stillness of a remote

hamlet, after walking for some time through the silence of a forest; or the deserted remains of an ancient city after leaving the thronged thoroughfares of an adjoining town; or again, when in your wanderings through the streets of an old city, the busy life of the inhabitants suddenly ceases, and you find yourself under the ancient gateway of the great walls, looking out upon solitary hills of rock and grass. These I class among the subjective picturesque, because the second scene suggests the sublime only to him who has already witnessed the first. Now in these examples of what I would call the *consecutive* subjective picturesque, the contrasts between the two scenes are evident enough. But this is not the case with the *combining* element, which is often difficult enough to detect. Maybe it is mere age, solitude, or perhaps the mere strangeness common to both scenes. Sometimes indeed it is a sort of intellectual intuition. Without knowing the story, your suspicions, or perhaps your mere wonder and surprise will supply to the contrasts some kind of connecting link. Some train of thought will suggest a reason without actually explaining the phenomenon. The sleepiness of the old-world hamlet is perhaps suggested by the very proximity of the big forest —it has been cut off from the rest of the busy world; some dire calamity in its history has cast a deep sleep over what was once a great and rich city, its people have migrated from the ruined streets, and built themselves a new city not many miles hence;—or again, the protecting walls of our citadel will perhaps explain the wild solitude of the hills around. Brigandage and violence have to be reckoned with. There is no smiling landscape here, but savage grandeur in those lonely, treeless hills without the city walls.

And what *now* about the reality of the picturesque? Is it all and always subjective? I think not. Doubtless those who know more will see more. There are degrees of perception in the sublime and the picturesque, as in everything else. Some will be satisfied with what jumps to the eyes, others from the same subject will penetrate deeper and ascend higher. Yet for all that, from its very popularity and universality, I think we may say, with all confidence, and without entangling ourselves in the question of the real and ideal, that there is a real *fundamentum in re*.

And now I come to the point I wish specially to urge in this article. The material of the picturesque is always ready for representation of some kind in one or other of the arts. Nevertheless, its mere fitness as a subject for a picture does not make the picturesque. Though the connection is very close between the picturesque and a picture, the picturesque does not in any way demand a picture, even of the mind's eye. And the reason is, that the perception of the

picturesque is an intellectual, and not a mere sensitive operation. Doubtless it begins to operate in the eyes, ears and imagination, but it does not rest there. To reach the sublime, it must ascend to the higher and intellectual powers of the soul. Hence the picturesque idea and its medium of expression are two distinct things. Though the medium requires the idea, the idea may be expressed in various mediums—color, form, words or music. The picturesque then is not merely the subject-matter for a picture. It consists rather in the contrast of impressions which it makes upon the mind. It is for this reason that the picturesque impression is so often not simultaneous, but consecutive, as in poetry or music; impressions which evidently cannot be expressed in forms and colors. Thus it often happens that the mere mention of two contrasting traits, which, though they do not exclude one another, are not ordinarily found together in one individual—traits which imply some art, courage or difficulty in their blending—may often call up the picturesque: A soldier-poet, a youthful sage, a merchant prince—are terms which suggest at once a certain happy combination of contrasts, in which there must be poetry in the soldiering, wisdom in young years, industry amidst magnificence, generosity in trade. I do not say that the *terms* of the contrast are intellectual ideas. They are concrete and sensible. What I wish to emphasize is that the connection, comparison and combination of the contrasts is an intellectual operation.

But more than this: the intensity of the picturesque is in proportion to the distance apart of the contrasts from one another, and to the difficulty and art of combining and embracing them in one idea. Hence it is especially where religion, or some phase of religion, forms one of the terms of contrast, that we have a very intense form of the picturesque. Witness that strange romance that ever hangs over the religious orders, and their courageous attempt at subjugating material life to a spiritual régime. One has only to mention the Monastic life, or the Knights of St. John, to evoke at once crowds of picturesque material. See that happy harmony of spiritual and earthly contrasts which the Franciscan life succeeds so well in combining together; poverty and books, ascetism and science, simplicity and travel, individuality of character with the common life: combinations without number of such contrasts that the world would hardly have dreamed possible had it not been witness to them! Now all these ideas, though not *pictureable,* are truly picturesque in the intellectual order, since the operation of the intellectual picturesque—that which is conveyed in words or mere thoughts—is exactly the same in the last resort as the visual picturesque in a picture or real life; for it is the intellect in both which perceives and

derives pleasure from its perception of what is sublime and picturesque.

I am afraid the word "sublime" has figured rather frequently up to now in this article—and I am far from having finished with it yet. But as to what has gone before, I have perhaps taken for granted what is in no way conformable to the fact. I have supposed that we all have the same conception as to the meaning of the word. Now I am going to give you my conception of what it does or ought to mean: The "sublime" is something pleasing to the higher, but repellent to the lower faculties of the soul; something agreeable to contemplate, but difficult to embrace in action. From the very thorns which encircle it, its perception is at first imperfect. We are conscious of its presence, but when we think to locate it, it eludes us. It is, I think, always more or less hidden beneath its medium of expression. And yet, whether architecture, landscape, human beings, words, colors or forms, this medium itself takes on something of the very idea it so mysteriously conceals. There is something about the casquet which betrays the jewel within; so that half unconsciously we are led to suspect something great and beautiful. However, whether in art or real life, the veil is thin. The sublime, like the picturesque itself, is something popular; it appeals to the crowd. Yet for all that, like the picturesque, it is not perceived at once in all its entirety. There are inner chambers, and we penetrate one only by passing through the other. Now all this about the sublime is not to no purpose, as the reader will presently see.

While the "sublime" has appeared so often, I have rarely so far mentioned the word "pleasure." Yet it is clear that pleasure—to the same degree perhaps as the sublime—will have an important part in the idea, emotion, or whatever else you like to call the phenomenon of the picturesque. This is clear enough. But what is that special kind of pleasure that marks off the picturesque pleasure from other pleasures of the aesthetic order? Now the foremost—and the one that seems to underlie whatever others there may be—is the consciousness, I think, that we are approaching the "sublime." One of the foremost pleasures indeed in the picturesque is that kind of awe and reverence we feel at being unexpectedly brought into contact with the *far-off,* whether in time or space; that sense of mystery we feel in things unknown; things of which, however, we know enough to have our interest aroused, yet not enough to have our curiosity appeased. We must know just enough about the thing to gauge somewhat the vast amount that lies mysteriously hidden from us. Thus age is one of the common elements in the picturesque; and then, perhaps, comes the unaccustomed sights of foreign lands.

Then, I think, comes that reverence we all feel for the wide range of gifts and virtues in our own human nature; its wonderfully rejuvenating powers;—and then, perhaps, that kindly law of nature's which we call *"compensation."*

Let us take one of the most obviously, vulgarly—if you like—picturesque subjects:—Venetian beauties, poor, laughing and knitting in the dilapidated courtyard of an ancient palace. Here, as always in the picturesque, one of the contrasts will emphasize some trait of beauty, or by its very opposition, evoke and create a beauty in the other. See how the contrast of their poverty in these young women emphasizes their delicate and refined beauty; how their merriment unites so happily with their humble apparel that poverty seems to have lost its sting. We look again, and we feel a reverence for the *present,* in seeing it at such close quarters with a venerable *past.* The sadness of crumbling marble architecture even provokes, by its contrast, our hope and confidence in the rejuvenating powers of our own human nature; when we see this nature ever being renewed in all the freshness of youth. But again, here is a walled city on a high and rocky hill. See the strange contrast of the commonplace monotony of a little town's social life combined with the quiet unconscious courage of the folk, old as well as young, dwelling in heights of such inaccessible approach. See, too, how the peace and quiet of domestic life in those little houses, nestling within the fortified walls, contrasts so happily with the stern prospect—or even perhaps the mere memories—of siege and war. How you admire unconsciously the wide range of powers and resources and virtues in that same human nature in which you yourself share.

And now we come to another, and a very frequent source of pleasure in the picturesque: that pleasure which consists in contemplating the progress of decay in the world's beauty and strength. Ruskin seems to condemn this as an unhealthy phase of the picturesque. And perhaps to some extent he is right. There may indeed be a morbid pleasure in contemplating even the true picturesque, just as we may make a bad use of the noblest of things. What I refer to now is that pleasure in the parasitical element; the delight in pain, ruin, and decay. Now, from the very nature of the sublime, such as I conceive it—attractive to the nobler powers of the soul, repellent to the lower—it follows that there are two ways of, or rather two motives in seeking it and admiring it. To contemplate suffering from the mere pleasure and excitement of beholding suffering is, of course, immoral and cruel. But to seek it out and contemplate it for the sake of admiring and contemplating the virtues called forth by suffering—this is quite another thing. One

may perhaps take pleasure in watching a boxing match or a bull fight out of a delight in cruelty; or—out of a delight in admiring courage and heroism in the meeting of danger and pain. So in the picturesque, there may be an unhealthy, melancholic pleasure in beholding the havoc of a parasite. But the same objection may be made to any irregular admiration of a thing good enough in itself. It seems to me that this pathetic kind of pleasure we feel in beholding strength and beauty in decay is by no means unhealthy or misanthropic, but only that natural consolation human nature experiences in finding companionship in misfortune and defeat. But more than this—there is the great Christian—and natural, too—law of compensation. We all have within us that innate conviction that all mere material prosperity and strength must some day give place to a higher and spiritual happiness, while the earthly must dissolve and vanish away. Those that mourn now will be comforted, patience and suffering will be compensated for, and the rich will be sent empty away. Hear the words of a mediaeval mystic on the pleasure in the pathetic in human life. "How it is I know not," says Hugh of St. Victor, referring to the Book of Ecclesiastes—the so-called book of the pessimists—"that these words should sound so sweetly in our ears whenever we hear them read. For behold, we are listening with pleasure to the narration of our misfortunes; and what indeed we love not, we yet love to hear about."

While then we must admit with Ruskin the possibility of an unhealthy, misplaced pleasure in the picturesque, I think to the ordinary Christian mind the danger is rare, and the pleasure perfectly wholesome, resting as it does on our innate perception of the eternal truths. But there is also a false—another phase of the subjective—picturesque, due here not to knowledge, but to ignorance. This is when there is sufficient knowledge of a subject to arouse curiosity, and suggest strong and pleasing contrasts, but not enough to connect them in a combination conformable to the facts. Hence we have the Protestant mediaeval novel, the impossible picturesque romance of Catholic and religious life; due to a very excusable mixture of sympathy and ignorance, on the part of those who see things from a distance too great to allow of a correct judgment of the facts; yet from a distance which to them perhaps lends enchantment to the view. But there is a worse abuse of the picturesque than this. It is the *corruptio optimi.* That vulgar taste which delights in the contrasts of *good* and *bad.* That combination, for instance, of a lofty and holy state with an unworthy and evil life. Here indeed we have all the elements of the picturesque, and something more besides; contrasts, their combination in unity of subject, the human element

in abundance, and even some kind of sublimity in the violence of the contrasts. Only one thing is wanting; and that is, that wholesome pleasure, the right moral sense which delights in the intellectual beauty of truth and goodness. This is the immoral and corrupt, a mere travesty of the true picturesque—met with sometimes in the modern novel.

And now I come to the final stage in this article. I have dwelt much on the high mental and spiritual character of the picturesque. But there is more than this. Regard being had to the subject-matter, the pleasure derived from the perception of the picturesque will often be not merely of an intellectual, but of a spiritual-religious nature. While the external forms please and delight the eye, the sublime hidden beneath will, from the very nature of the subject-matter, assume a religious and supernatural character. In fact, the higher powers of the soul, enlightened by faith, have, I think, their own special material in the picturesque order, so that we may well say of the pleasure in the picturesque what St. Augustine says of all attractions in the material order: "Shall the body have her pleasures and the soul not also hers?" No indeed, I am sure the picturesque is something more than mere "parasitical sublimity." It is something more than the pathetic emotion called up by the presence of a parasite. It is a sublimity arising indeed from the opposition of contrasts, yet from contrasts which finally combine in the most perfect union and harmony. Moreover, from the very nature of the supernatural order, it is in those things relating to God that we find the most powerful combinations of the most remote and disparate elements; matter and spirit, nature and grace, heaven and earth, eternity and time. There is at first some appearance of incongruity between the two, but soon they are fused into harmony; and it is in the process of this intellectual fashion that we are able to admire the relative qualities of each of the elements. The earthly element is contrasted to her advantage with the spiritual, because nearer and more tangible to us—the spiritual triumphs because stronger and more enduring. Then ascending above the union of spirit and matter and above that of nature and grace, we come to the far more perfect union, of the far more remote and disparate elements, the human and divine. One of the greatest delights of the doctors and saints has always been to dwell on this most perfect union of such mutually far-removed contrasts. Take the Divine Infancy, and contemplate its contrasts as Mary and Joseph must have done: the being so close to what from your very nature is so infinitely far off; the seeing with your eyes what has ever been hidden from the rest of the world; the touching, holding, and possessing as your own

that which heaven and earth cannot contain. These reflections we are perhaps so much accustomed to that we may never have noticed the alternate play on contrast and contrast. And yet after all, what else are reflections of this kind but a picturesque presentment of the divine mysteries? Of course, there are other methods of contemplating them, but this method I call the picturesque.

Not to delay further at the other mysteries of the Incarnation, let us pause a moment at the central one of all; the Crucifixion. Here indeed are strange contrasts, wonderfully combined: the intensest of suffering together with the happiness of the beatific vision. Love—divine love—is here doubtless the combining element of these apparently contradictory states; for love is both the *cause* and the *consequence* of suffering in this life, and also of beatitude in the next. Hence, the two desires of St. Francis when he beheld the crucified Seraph: first, to experience in himself, as far as this was possible, the pain of our Lord's Passion; and secondly, to feel something of the Divine love which prompted it. But one mystery there is, among the many others of the Incarnation, which I must not omit. What more delightful—what more popular—than the picturesque combination of contrasts in Mary!—virginity and maternity, austerity and sweetness, grace and nature, human and divine. In Mary, earth touches heaven, justice embraces peace, mercy has combined with truth, and truth springs up from the earth; for the Lord has looked down benignly from heaven, and the earth in response has yielded its fruit. We can love human nature now because we see it innocent, and almost embrace the Divinity because we behold it so near; we can feel at home with virginity, and prostrate in reverence before maternity. In Mary we can at the same time both touch heaven and admire the earth. The union is so perfect that we can embrace both together. Our happiness would seem to be complete. We no longer look at heaven from afar and the earth with disgust, for now they are united by the bridge of hope; *Mater Spei, Mater nostrae laetitiae!*

And now, not to leave my task unfinished, I must touch briefly on one more mystery—the mystery of the altar. Here also we have the same perfect combination of far-removed contrasts: the offering up of the lamb standing as it were slain; slain yet still alive; in its death bestowing life; itself slain, yet imparting a far more enduring life than that which It has Itself laid down; though received as food, yet nourishing those who receive It with a higher life than what was already their own! Then—reserved in the tabernacle, see how this silent Victim imparts life and movement of the noblest kind to all around Him, especially to those faithful hearts who come to visit Him. Though motionless, He vivifies with the most intense life

those who approach Him. Though wearing the garment of a victim, He is Himself inebriated with the most intense happiness. Though waiting to be visited, none can approach without Himself drawing them. And shall we not add that those who worship Him under these species share, each in his degree, in these same various combinations of contrasts: the monotony of apparent inaction at one time before the Tabernacle, contrasting with the intensity of happiness at another; the generous intention of self-immolation united in the same person with the consciousness of receiving far more than they can ever give; the sacrifice of long hours, together with a true esteem for the value of each moment of life! Doubtless, many of these examples of the *spiritual* picturesque which I have just suggested would lend themselves with difficulty to portrayal in a picture. Yet for all that, they are none the less, I think, truly picturesque; since, though conveyed only in words or thought, their mode of conception is after the mode of the picturesque; that is, they are an intellectual combination of contrasts, suggestive of the sublime.

One word more and my task is finished. See the picturesqueness of the Church itself; how she is ever, though unconsciously, drawing into her bosom so many souls led by their inborn love of the picturesque. Only see the combination of her contrasts: her beautiful ceremonies and her austere morality, her practical adaptability to circumstances and her inflexibility in principles, her impartial embrace of rich and poor, learned and ignorant, saints and sinners! See again the picturesque contrasts in her religious orders—not in the romantic middle-ages, but in the midst of our own prosaic age: work and contemplation, gaiety and gravity, poverty and magnificence, learning and simplicity—youth and wisdom; and this last often enough from the very portal of the Convent. Look at that little maid of sixteen, braving the opposition of home and friends to enter Carmel. Whence comes such wisdom and resolve in so young a head! See this young man of eighteen, disdaining the smiles of the world, to embrace a lonely life, cut off from all congenial society, to labor in the foreign missions. Here indeed is a wisdom in young years that conquers and puzzles the world! But here my task finishes. If I have shown that the picturesque is a real, genuine, and healthy pleasure, arising from its connection with so much of what is sublime in human life, and reposing on the foundation of the eternal truths, I am satisfied as to the success of my first—and if I have at least suggested the very great *probability* of the same phenomenon penetrating into, being transferred into, and, above all, popularizing the religious mysteries we ought to love so well, then I am also satisfied as to the success of the second part of my task. THOMAS CAMPBELL, O.S.B.

## MULIER FORTIS

MANY centuries ago the Wise Man asked: "Mulierem fortem quis inveniet?" He gave an answer in the splendid type of wife and mother and mistress of a great household that he depicts so eloquently. It is a type which must often have found expression, in fuller or less measure, among the great families of Israel; but which waited for its highest manifestation in the Church of the New Covenant. We are familiar with one noble passage that describes it, through the Mass *Cognovi,* and it is almost impossible to read it without such names as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, her holy namesake of Portugal, St. Frances of Rome and St. Jane Frances de Chantal springing to one's recollection.

And the tradition of Valiant Women is undying in the Kingdom where every flower of saintliness, each some special revelation of the power of grace, clothes with unnumbered forms of loveliness and splendour that Garden of the Lord. Not only the canonized and beautified ones, whom alone we have right to invoke as Sancti or Beati, share that tradition, but countless other souls whose names are in the book of life, saints already perfected or in the making, unknown among the Faithful on earth except to a few of their own generation.

In the early days of the Second Spring, the revival of Catholic life in England, there are not a few such names that stand out, along with those of priests and laymen, as true apostles of the restored life and activity of the Church. Every critical period for religion, in any country, always seems provided with its *mulieres fortes,* who have a special work that could be done by no other hands. The middle of the last century in Great Britain was no exception. Such names as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Leslie of Edinburgh, Lady Herbert of Lea, and the Duchess of Buccleuch will occur to all students of this particular period. And there is another name, not less in honour than any of these, to the bearer of which this volume is devoted.* The writer, Miss Cecil Kerr, eldest

* Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian. A Memoir. Edited by her granddaughter, Cecil Kerr. London: Sands & Co. (N. D).

daughter of Lord Ralph Kerr, modestly lays claim to be no more than editor of the reminiscences, and tells us that Lady G. Fullerton had intended, and actually began, to write her friend's biography, and that others have contributed. There is no doubt, however, that we owe to Miss Kerr many of the chapters and the whole arrangement of the volume. It is a brief yet complete sketch of the life of one who was known, honoured, and beloved far beyond the lot of most, and who added to an intense capacity for the *joie de vivre* an equally intense capacity for suffering. She was called to experience a large share of the one, and a burden of the other which would have crushed many a weaker soul.

Cecil Chetwynd Talbot was the only daughter of John, II Earl Talbot. She was born in 1808, at Ingestre Hall in Straffordshire, once the home of the Clifford Constables, an outstanding center of Catholic piety and place of refuge for priests in the worst days of the persecutions. It had unfortunately passed out of Catholic hands; the present owner, a really devout man and watchful parent, represented the average Church of England tradition of those days. In character and piety he was far in advance of his time. He could not have admired the "use" of the parish church of Blicking (where he died), which included delaying the opening of the service till the arrival of the "Hall party," however late, a profound reverence to them on the part of the congregation, and the handing of a glass of sherry to the parson when he got into the pulpit! The old Faith of England was not so much disliked as simply ignored; to the average Anglican of George III's and his sons' reigns it scarcely existed. A really beautiful letter of Lord Talbot to his daughter on the eve of her marriage commends her to the Divine protection and assures her that this will bring her through the storms of life to a safe haven of refuge. There was a meaning in his words of which the writer little dreamed.

In 1831, Lady Cecil married the Marquess of Lothian and entered on ten years of unclouded wedded happiness. She threw herself heartily into the duties and interests of her Scottish home. Newbattle Abbey lies in the midst of a charming country. The Cistercian house was founded by St. David, and became one of the most notable monastic establishments in Scotland. At the apostasy of the sixteenth century it was bestowed on Mark Kerr, a younger son of the house of Cessford, now represented by the Duke of Roxburgh. Mark was titular abbot, but though he may have been a cleric, he was certainly never a priest. His son was created Earl of Lothian, and the title and property passed into their present owners' hands by a marriage in the female line.

Lord Lothian died, universally esteemed and beloved, in 1841, leaving four sons and two daughters in his widow's charge. Her devoted care for their material, educational, and especially their religions welfare, and the business ability with which she managed the estates during the minority of her eldest son (who was now VIII Marques of Lothian) were alike remarkable. Ecclesiastically the position was a strange one, and would find few if any parallels today. The family were Anglicans, but it was considered well, by them and many others, to attend the Presbyterian service for the sake of example. This compromise could not long satisfy a thoughtful and devout mind like that of the Marchioness. She began to drive into Edinburgh to an Anglican service, attended the Duke of Buccleuch's neighbouring chapel of St. Mary, and embarked on building a church at Jedburgh, the border town from which Lord Lothian takes his second title.

By this time the Oxford Movement was in full swing, and was attracting thousands of the best and most pious souls in the Established Church. Lord Henry Kerr (a clerical brother of the late Marquess), Lady Lothian, herself, Mr. John Talbot, her brother and his wife, and Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford were among the most notable of the laity who ardently embraced the restored preaching of sacramental grace, the priesthood, church authority, and the communion of saints. Of course the presentation of these truths was in a reduced and often confused form, but it was a true revelation to those brought up in what a well-known clergyman called "the dry rot of the eighteenth century." The new church at Jedburgh was opened on August 15 (how many of those present knew the solemnity of the date?), 1844. A number of the Tractarian leaders were present, including Mr. Keble, Archdeacon R. I. Wilberforce, Mr. Dodsworth, and Dr. Hook of Leeds. The last of these, who was ritually but not doctrinally, in sympathy with the rest, had become a close friend of Lady Lothian's. She spent most of one Holy Week as his guest and records: "Mr. Hook ate no dinner, and we all ate as little as possible." Of all extraordinary observances, the communion was celebrated in Leeds Parish Church, on Good Friday; and on Lady Lothian asking her host's advice as to taking part in the service he advised her to do so, because the ancient Fathers did not consider that receiving communion broke the fast! One respects the uninstructed piety of those days immensely, in spite of its confusion. It certainly did not lack austerity.

About this time an Anglican school, on the public school lines, was opened for boys at Glenalmond, Perthshire. For some unex-

plained reason it was supposed to be extremely advanced in spite of the fact that Dr. Charles Wordsworth, a strong Protestant with perhaps a slight liking for a little ceremonial, was appointed first warden. Lady Lothian placed her two younger sons there; the young Marquess went to Eton and Oxford, and the second son entered the Royal Navy.

In 1850 occurred the celebrated Gorham case. A clergyman, notoriously maintaining heresy on the doctrine of Holy Baptism, was presented to a Devonshire living by the Lord Chancellor. The Bishop of Exeter refused institution; the "Arches Court" of Canterbury sustained his lordship's action; but the Privy Council overruled both and Mr. Gorham took possession. Cæsar was evidently master in the Anglican fold. The result was such an agitation as the Establishment had scarcely ever known. Meetings were held, denunciations hurled at the State tyranny, pamphlets rained, and—nothing was done to mend matters. The second great exodus from Anglicanism, six years after Dr. Newman had been the central figure of the first, took place in 1851. Manning, Wilberforce, Hope Scott, Allies, Dodsworth, were among the most illustrious converts. Lady Lothian was received into the Church at Farm Street, on June 11, by Father Brownbill, and was followed shortly by Lord Henry Kerr, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Mr. (afterwards Monsignor) Gilbert Talbot.

A time of terrible anxiety and trouble now began for the Marchioness. The other guardians of the children, appointed under their father's will, deemed it their duty to remove them so far as possible from her influence. Patience and courage had, however, their eventual reward. Neither of her elder sons, both of whom succeeded to the title, followed her into the Church, but young Lord Lothian was not unsympathetic, and his brother Schomberg (though this does appear in the story) was probably still more appreciative of the rightness of her action. An eminent priest who knew him well told the writer that the late Lord Lothian was far from anti-Catholic in his convictions, and his furnishing of the crypt at Newbattle as an advanced Anglican chapel pointed in the same direction.

Lady Lothian's three remaining sons and both her daughters shared the happiness of their mother. The youngest, John, was a boy of intense religious feeling, an *anima naturaliter Catholica,* and only his early death, at Ushaw College, hindered his realizing in the priestly vocation the supreme desire of his life. The eighth chapter of the memoir records the story, which reads like a page from the history of the Penal Days, and which I have heard from Lord Ralph's own lips, of the Marchioness's flight from Newbattle

in the early hours of the morning with her two sons. The drive through the darkness to Edinburgh, the interview with Bishop Gillis, then Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, and the reception of the two boys in the chapel of St. Margaret's Convent.

An Oxford tutor, a Mr. Meyrick, had been appointed by the guardians with a view to keeping the sons safe in the Established fold, and on the night before this high adventure he and Lothian had sat together till long after midnight, suspecting that something was afoot. When the facts were known Lothian only burst out laughing, with the exclamation, which was certainly not one of distress: "By jove, they've done us!" but poor Meyrick returned to the banks of Isis a melancholy man, to meet the unending chaff of the University.

The remaining son, the youngest but one, Walter, was a middy in the Royal Navy. He was, soon after this, on leave with his family in the south, and electrified them one morning by announcing that he had just been received into the Church. There had been no time before his leave was up to give him the usual instruction, but the boy was so convinced that only thus could he find his way into the one true Church of God, that his reception was not delayed. A little later, when on his ship in Portsmouth harbour, a signal came from the shore directing the captain to send Lord Walter Kerr ashore in order to be confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. But he explained that he had already received Confirmation. From whom? it was asked. "The Bishop of Portsmouth," said the young officer. Then there was consternation! But Lord Ralph told me that he believed his brother's commander and fellow-officers generally rather admired the boy's pluck than blamed his obedience to conscience.

One of the greatest interests of Lady Lothian's life was now the building of St. David's Church, Dalkeith. Early in the nineteenth century there was not a Catholic resident in the small country town. Mass was restored, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, in the Masonic Hall, permission to use which was shortly afterwards withdrawn; then an attic over a baker's shop sheltered the faithful for a few years, until the present handsome church (the parish church for a good many years of the writer of this article) was opened. Several parishes have been carved out of the wide district then under the pastoral care of the priest of St. David's; and yet within the present parochial limits there are two other churches regularly served from Dalkeith. The handful of three-quarters of a century ago has grown into a number of large congregations. Not many years after St. David's was built the parish was placed by the Bishop (not

an Archbishop until the restoration of the Hierarchy, in 1878) under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Among the many personal recollections of the parish, the writer would record with all gratitude and with reverent affection the names of Father Joseph Head, S.J., who entered the Society in 1858, was on the staff, and then for very many years rector of St. David's, and who still resides there in wonderful vigour; and Father Frederick Jerrard, S.J., kindest and most sympathetic of friends, who spent nearly twenty years in charge of the two outlying churches, and last year went to his reward. His memory is in benediction throughout the parish—a non-Catholic once said of him admiringly that he was "every man's man."

The saintly foundress of the church and parish must rejoice indeed in the abundant fruit of her suffering and her self-sacrifice. The extraordinary activity of her life was not confined to Scotland. She threw herself with unsparing zeal into the work of the Church in London. Religious houses, homes of charity, schools, the needs of Catholics abroad, all claimed and all received ungrudgingly her loving help. To her intense piety, simplicity, and straightforwardness, she added not only remarkable practical capacity but a sense of humour that simply scintillates in her letters, and must have proved an untold help in trying times.

In 1873, we find her on pilgrimage to Paray le Monial. It was the first organized devotion of the kind in England since the apostasy, and was assailed by a storm of abuse as idiotic as it was unmeasured. When the steamer the party had hired left the pier at Newhaven we are told of one old gentleman who stood at the end of the pier shaking his umbrella threateningly, and hurling denunciations on the pilgrims! The same year she was at Lourdes, Mormontier, and Mont St. Michel. Four years later she and Lady Herbert of Lea were asked to present an address of sympathy to the German Catholics then so bitterly persecuted under the Falck Laws, and gladly undertook a winter's journey to Münster for this purpose.

No trait in this beautiful character was more marked than that of deep and loyal devotion to the Apostolic See. Her visits to the Eternal City were as frequent and as extended as her multifarious obligations and charities permitted. In 1877, Lady Lothian, against her own desires but at the clear call of duty, went to Rome as head of the pilgrimage organized in Great Britain to congratulate Pius IX on the golden jubilee of his Episcopate. The pilgrimage reached Rome on May 3, and ten days later its revered leader died, as she would have wished, in the capital of Christiandom.

The emotion showed by the Roman people, as well as by the English colony and visitors, was almost unprecedented in the case of a foreigner. Her beloved son Ralph, alone of her children, was beside her, and he brought her body back to Scotland, where it now lies before the High Altar of St. David's, a memorial brass in sanctuary floor bearing the following inscription:

"Cecil, Marchionessa di Lothian, hujus ecclesiæ Fundatrix. Apud Dominum misericordia et copiosa apud Eum redemptio."

As might be confidently expected, most of the family of such a mother became conspicuous for their devoted lives and their activities on behalf of the Faith. Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Walter Kerr, has been no less strenuous in his care for the spiritual interests of the sailors under his command than was Lord Ralph in the army on behalf of his soldiers. The eldest daughter, Lady Cecil, became a Sacred Heart nun, and lived six years to be a pattern of Religious fervour; the younger, Lady Alice, married. *Surrexerunt filii ejus et beatissimam praedicaverunt.*

The last chapter of this fascinating book is concerned with Lord Ralph, who inherited to a wonderful degree his mother's spirit—her intense realization of the unseen, her absolute simplicity, and, not least, her sense of fun and power of enjoyment. He was delicate in early life, and indeed never particularly robust, but at the age of twenty was able to enter the 10th Hussars (Prince of Wales Own), and was in command of the regiment when the future King Edward VII paid his historic visit to India. In 1878, Lord Ralph married Lady Anne Howard; his family life was that of an ideal Catholic home in its happiness and peace. For five years he was Inspector of Cavalry at York, and subsequently in command at the Curragh. When the time of his appointment expired, he felt unable, in consequence of his health, to accept further promotion, and retired with the rank of Major-General. Thenceforth he lived at Woodburn, close to Dalkeith, and during these years the present writer had the undeserved privilege of seeing a good deal of one of the simplest and noblest of souls. To extend as he did the charming kindliness of his friendship to those who had no claim on him, but who revered and loved him far more than he knew, was part of his unselfish goodness. He was a great reader, and possessed a most retentive mind. To talk with him of books, of politics, and above all of the interests of the Catholic Religion, was a delight. He could, of course, remember many events which to a much younger man were only history; and his judgment was always that of a clear-headed straightforward soldier. At the beginning of the war Lord Ralph and Lady Anne lost their younger son David, who fell in

action. "Heaven seems much more homely now that David is there," his father was heard to say.

It is told of Ralph, first Abbot of Newbattle, that "he was continually occupied in Divine meditation, for, from his youth, he loved his Creator with all his heart." The words were printed on the memorial card of this other Ralph, and none could describe him better. In September, 1916, a long life of singular beauty and fruitful work came to its earthly end—to widen out, we cannot doubt, into a life yet more full and beautiful.

The printing of the volume, and the admirable portraits, add to its attraction. A misprint on page 9 makes Lady Lothian's brother's marriage take place half a century too late; and the Jubilee of Pius IX, in 1877, was of his Episcopate, not his priesthood, the glorious Pontiff having been consecrated in 1827, to the Archiepiscopal See of Spoleto.

J. F. Schofield.

## NOTES OF A PILGRIM TO CASCIA

HUMAN beings, like myself, who are endowed with impressible natures, and because of this sensitiveness live their lives vitally, going with great intensity from the gloomy depths of sorrow to the dizzy heights of joy, are sometimes confronted with the thought that this vivid sense of living is, perhaps, superficial rather than vital, and then follow moments or periods of agonizing introspection and retrospection, endeavoring to prove one's stamina to oneself.

Until my mother died, death had never before penetrated beyond the portals of my heart. I had always expected death's coming so near would leave me spiritually uplifted and that the spirit of the departed would be everywhere, like God. But the contrary was my experience. My spirit was cast down, trampled and crushed. My mother had departed and the calm body which was so like, and yet so unlike, my mother, conveyed no meaning to me. I was like one lost in a strange, dark place and was too blinded by tears to find my way. At length I was persuaded to sit by my mother's body until I felt her spirit. As I sat waiting, all of the past with which my mother had been connected reviewed itself before me. Experiences returned, like pictures seen dimly through a haze of half-remembrance —incidents that had seemed so vitally important at the time now appeared insignificant and difficult to remember.

Then the horror of forgetting beat upon me, and I kept repeating to myself, "Life is so full of change. Will I forget my mother? I know people who have seemingly forgotten their mothers! I have forgotten many of the important events of my life and cannot recall names of persons, places and things, and situations, once of consequence, are like time-worn frescoes. Will I forget my mother?" And while my heart and brain spoke thus despairingly together, my mother came to me. How, I cannot tell, but suddenly I seemed to feel her love overwhelm me and I knew that she was with the Communion of Saints. I knelt by her bedside and said: "I will never forget you, and I will do something to make you happy. I cannot sing for you, for singing is so wrapped up in the ego and cannot be detached and offered as a memorial, but I will try and write something worthy of you."

Yet in the months that followed, I was denied the privilege of writing anything for my mother. Every time I attempted to write,

my heart was so full that the words produced by my thoughts brought nothing but triteness, so I decided to buy a memorial and the most obvious thing to buy, was, naturally, something pertaining to St. Rita of Cascia, the Saint of the Impossible, who had been a source of joy and consolation to my mother in her last long decade of invalidism. It was always a happy event if my sister or I could find a new medal, picture or statue of St. Rita, and this good saint lit many a dark and lonely hour for the invalid.

On my travels I made inquiries everywhere as to the shrine of St. Rita, and usually found inartistic painted plaster statues representing the Saint of the Impossible as a young, girlish nun, and it must be remembered that her convent life did not begin until she was about forty years of age. I was informed that a statue of St. Rita must have a black habit, so a statue was out of the question for me, as one done in colored marbles was beyond my means.

I had begun negotiations for a bas relief in Caen stone, when one day in New York I was looking for an address in the East Twenties and lost my way. I stopped at an antique shop to inquire the direction, when my glance fell on a mosaic of St. Rita, about two and a half feet square. The shopkeeper knew nothing of the subject nor of its history, except that it was very old and of Spanish origin. I purchased the mosaic and had it framed and presented to St. Mary of the Springs, near Columbus, Ohio, where my mother had been one of the first two graduates.

On Sunday, December 1, 1917, the second anniversary of my mother's death, after high mass in the chapel of St. Mary of the Springs, the priest, altar attendants, novices and nuns formed a procession, and singing, marched to the foot of the main staircase. The priest and his attendants advanced to the first landing, and the veil being removed from the mosaic, the picture was blest and now a perpetual light is kept burning on a pedestal before it.

A year or so later I was looking at some sconces in a Russian antique store in New York city, and was in the act of paying for them when I saw, in the midst of a helter-skelter array of second-hand brass, a bronze statuette of a nun, kneeling at a prie dieu, a crucifix and wreath of roses lying on the open missal before her. "What is that?" I suddenly asked. "That is a book-end," replied the woman in charge. It was Saint Rita of Cascia, and, of course, there was no mate to be found. As it was not flat at the end, it could not, under any conditions, have served as a book-end. Under my breath I said, "St. Rita, I want the sconces! But I can't leave you here in a Russian-Jewish shop with all this brass junk, and I

can't afford both you and the sconces!" I bought the statuette and the next day I was given the sconces.

The finding of both the mosaic and the statuette left a deep impression in my mind, and the desire to visit Cascia burned constantly, though the purpose of the visit was not clear to me, but after seeing the convent and conditions existing there, I felt that I had been called to Cascia for a purpose. So, I have written the following in the manner in which I think the one to whose memory it is dedicated would have been interested in reading it, hoping, for her sake, that the devotion to the Saint of the Impossible may be spread and assistance rendered the Sisters of St. Rita.

---

The Italian coast of the Mediterranean, or Riviera, forms a pattern of rock-bound scollops, scooping out hundreds of little bays. A highway frequently skirts the outline of embroidery formed by these scollops, and occasionally a railway, endeavoring to be more direct, cuts under dozens of rocky cliffs. En route to Florence from Ventimiglia, just across the Italian border from France, the view between tunnels is ravishingly beautiful, with the Maritime Alps rising from a sea that takes on every varying shade of which warm blue is capable, but the temperature is a little too high for solid enjoyment. It reminds me of California, though the Golden State has more variety and is better groomed.

I am on my way to Cascia, wherever it may be. The first lap of my journey is a mere three hundred miles, but consumes thirty-one hours in the making, including a night at Genoa and an hour in Pisa.

The approach to Genoa is replete with beauty and interest, in spite of the tunnels and all they convey by way of heat, dirt and stuffy air. In summer, the beaches, often glaringly hot, are frequently crowded with bathers, indulging in apparent enjoyment and absolute abandon. The Mediterranean beaches are very pebbly and rough-shod, with few exceptions. I have just passed one beach with a large crescent expanse of white sand, but all the rest were carpeted with small lava stones and black volcanic sand. However, the bathers did not seem to be aware of any drawbacks, and lay, in evident ease, prone on the flinty looking trophies of the ancient sea.

---

Entering Pisa, the Leaning Tower is satisfactorily viewed from the train, but I went to have a close-up view of it. The tower, cathedral, bapistry and cemetery are all in one big square, serene and quiet, at the edge of town, with nothing in the surroundings to mar the calm loveliness of the effect. At some angles the tower leans

startlingly, but I consoled myself with the thought that since it has leaned for a good many years, I need have no fear of its falling on me if I stood under it. At a nearby shop I bought a marble copy of the tower, about seven inches high, for eleven lire, or fifty-five cents, and some post-cards, too. Then I went back to the station and got the train for Florence.

---

My sojourn in Florence lasted three days. Upon my arrival there I bought a large map of Umbria and located Cascia. Having thus settled my mind, I set out to verify my memory of earlier days spent in Florence.

Sunday, my second day there, I visited six churches, the two outstanding places being Santa Maria Novella and the Church of the Annunciation. Santa Maria Novella is so calmly and gracefully old and is superb in its vastness. One crosses an empty expanse of over sixty yards, nearly two-thirds the length of the church, before the few pews are reached. These pews, scattered before the three main altars, seat not more than four or five hundred. There was much devotion among those attending mass. The attendant rang the bell for the Consecration but not for the "Domine non sum dignus." Here, as in all of the other churches, there were women without head coverings. I had never seen this ancient custom disregarded in any country before.

The Church of the Annunciation is frequented by the richest people in Florence. There is a large foyer between the porch and the doors of the church, where at least a thousand people can and do meet socially. The church has very few chairs and pews, and as all services are well attended, there is a restlessness and movement all the time. The altar of chief interest, of solid silver, is at the left of the main door. It is enclosed by a railing over five feet high on which are huddled votive candlesticks of silver, and above, from a canopy, hang over thirty silver lamps.

In the morning, Florentine streets are vibrant with life. All the provision stores and barber shops are open and the women are out to do their daily housekeeping, and the men to get fussed up, for the Italian barbers know a thousand and one secret rites to perform on the willing victim. The two big market houses are scenes of vivacious activity, and the push-cart vendors furnish their share of diverting entertainment. Today, one strong looking youth, of operatic aspect, held forth passionately and loudly. He sounded like a Hyde Park socialist, but he was merely extolling the attributes of some very yellow and vividly pink soap. A shrill old man's treble rent the air behind me, and I turned, expecting to see a stiletto

engagement, but it was only an old graybeard, calmly seated behind his pushcart, telling the passersby what fine eyeglasses he had for sale. Ah! what temperament.

---

The train from Florence was like a hot-room at a Turkish bath, with the difference that there was no cold shower and cooling room afterward. I almost failed to get out at the right place to change for Perugia, and only the kindness of an Italian gentleman in the next compartment saved me. Stations were not called, and two Italians, after conversing with remarkable vivacity for half an hour, went to sleep at the window corners, and I could not see the names of the stations. In my hurried exit I climbed all over them, but they neither woke nor stirred. After changing from the Roman express to a combination passenger-freight train, we ran along the shore of Lake Thrasymene for about fifteen miles. The landscape there is exquisite, for the lake district is irrigated and the green formed a welcome contrast to the parched countenance of Tuscany.

---

Perugia was seen a long while before it was reached—the train had to wind up the mountain to approach it. The arrival was disappointing, for the station is in the valley of the Tiber, below the city. An electric car line goes from the station to the city on the hill, and the hotels have a private tram. I had to wait twenty minutes for another train to arrive, so I questioned the concierge about going to Cascia. He said a motor would cost four lire a kilometer, and as eight kilometers make but five miles, that seemed rather high. I suggested going in a sedan motorcycle, which would be cheaper. He had never heard of such a thing being done, but went to a telephone and found one for me at two lire a kilometer, and I am to start at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. I can scarcely realize I am so near doing what I have so long desired. I hope Cascia won't be disappointing. If the country is anything like that surrounding Perugia, it will be a trip well worth taking.

---

For years I have wanted to travel by motorcycle. I have toured Europe and America in everything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce, but have ever watched with envy the motorcyclists. A motorcycle is so aggressive, so diabolical and defiant. It should be prohibited by law, but it isn't—and I am for it.

We started off, and how perilously close to nature I seemed in my bassinette—actually only about twelve inches from mother earth, and going at twenty, thirty, and forty miles an hour! I know now how a chicken feels when an automobile hoves in sight to fill its

pallid breast with indecision, for, at one point, two towering motor-busses set upon us at once. My heart was in my mouth as I threw up my hands to ward off the crash! But they missed us and not a feather flew. At times, we seemed to rebound more than advance. Most of the way to Cascia, my "Fearless Friend" assumed that I was deaf and dumb, for he would only nod or shake his head at my questions. The noise was frightful! One moment we seemed to be a fleet of Zeppelins bombarding defenseless women and children and chickens, and the next moment we sounded like a bunch of giant fire-crackers shooting out of season.

The scenery, withal, was almost overpowering in its loveliness. . . . Suddenly my chauffeur slowed down and pointing to a hill top which rose ahead with a soft mist or heat haze of summer over it, exclaimed with hushed tone: "Signor, Mont' Assisi!"

There it was—truly awe inspiring. The discovery revealed to us that we were at least six miles off the road to Cascia, but I was never so thankful for a guide's error, and we rode right on into Assisi. We ascended a fascinating street, with English signs on hotels, and drew up at the Giotto. At this hotel I secured the services of a perky little page in uniform decorated with many brass buttons, whom I asked to direct me to the Franciscan Monastery.

My guide at the monastery was a young man, of Polish parentage from near Boston. (He will be ordained and sent back to America next year.) Among the collection of personal souvenirs of Saint Francis which he showed me, is a fragment of a habit worn by the Saint. It is of neutral gray homespun quality and not of the brown or black that most painters have clothed him in. The order at present wears black, but I was told that in 1926 it will return to the original gray. While looking at the collection of relics, I told my fellow countryman that I liked to think that St. Francis and all the Saints were not very different from ourselves . . . the only difference between us and the Saints being that we have fleeting moments of saintliness and they were able to sustain that high elevation. My guide insisted that he had no moments of saintliness, but I told him I was quite sure he was mistaken, and I am sure he was, for he was very simple and sincere.

I had completely forgotten my little buttons guide, but he waited patiently for me in the sun, and, perched on the cycle back of my "Fearless Fiend," took me to the tomb of Saint Clara and the Cathedral. St. Clara's body is encased in glass, in the crypt under the main altar of her own church. It is perfectly preserved, excepting the nose, which has been artificially restored. The face and hands are as black as the wooden statue of the Notre Dame de Bon

Secour at Guingamp, Brittany. It appears so strangely artificial that it looks like a carving out of Flemish oak.

---

The bells of Assisi were striking eleven-thirty as we started for Foligno, again en route to Cascia. We arrived there at twelve-thirty. The descent (for Foligno is in a valley) was through groves of ancient gnarled olive trees. A wide view of the Umbrian mountains, lovely and peaceful, would have been more appreciated but for the heat which was almost overpowering. At Foligno we stopped for lunch.

By one-thirty we were ready to proceed to Cascia. We were—but our conveyance was not! For at the city gate, my chauffeur discovered that we were out of *benzina,* the Italian word for gasoline, and because, like all the shops in Italy, the local garage was indulging in its daily two-hour siesta, we were forced to wait nervously until two o'clock—nervously, because we were at the end of the National Highway (which we had followed from Assisi) and uncharted roads through mountains lay between us and arrival at Cascia this evening. I read again the prayer to St. Rita, and consoled myself with the thought that I was facing a beautiful ride, no matter where it ended.

---

The side road out of Foligno may have been good in the time of Hannibal, B. C. 217, but at present it needs some slight attention. We bombarded many villages and scared hundreds of chickens. (I have great sympathy with chickens, dating from today, as heretofore I have looked upon them as silly birds with no connection of ideas. That was a haughty and plutocratic viewpoint, for it was formed by seeing only the topknots of the terror-stricken fowls from an easy seat in a high-powered automobile. From a motorcycle, one sees the chickens from the feet up, and from that angle there is something decidedly human about them!)

Strange to say, when we actually got into the mountains the roads were perfect. The reason for it I cannot understand. Over at least fifty miles of ideal highway we didn't pass through more than five or six villages and saw only three or four small towns perched on the tops of neighboring hills. Most of the way, the road ran along palisades, on a sort of shelf cut out of the cliffs, like a narrow, white ribbon. But that made little difference, for there was no traffic to mention . . . only one motorbus and five animal-drawn carts during the afternoon. Of course, the beasts (whitest of white oxen and donkeys) were terrified on hearing and seeing us. Why not, with all of the horrible noise we made? We were real disturbers of the public peace!—and superb public peace it is in those parts!

The scenery was full of exquisite variety. We were miles from a railroad, in the heart of the Umbrian Appennines. The word *wild* might, in a way, describe the surroundings, though the term may be misleading to an American. The scenery was never rugged in the sense of the mountains in the United States—probably the White Mountains of New England come nearer akin to the Umbrian range, for nature in Italy, though sometimes stern, is always calm and never savage. It was a gypsy landscape in gitana costume, nonchalant, picturesque and almost defiant of usefulness and productivity. There would be long stretches of chalky palisades on one side of us and on the other, a well-made stone parapet which kept us from sliding off into the deep valley or ravine yawning below frequent, sudden, sharp curves. A rushing mountain stream would sometimes call to us from the depths of a deep canyon, hidden by a line of poplars or small oak trees that skirted the edge of the road. Between these lines of trees was bracken and broom, with a riot of wild flowers springing from everywhere, and frequently a whiff of delicious fragrance would be wafted to us as we hurried by, exchanging therefor our own sacrilegious odor of exploded *benzina.* At times I was reminded of the northwest Columbia River Highway (only there was no great river below) and again, of some fertile canyon of Colorado. There wasn't a sign post; there wasn't an advertisement nor marking of any kind to guide us toward Cascia; nothing except the unfailing courtesy of the peasantry.

---

Cascia looked to me like a dream city, when we approached it this afternoon at about five o'clock. The town is built on a series of shelves on the mountain side, on which it reposes like a tier of jewels in a great green setting. My arrival created a sensation. The whole town came out to look the foreigners over, while my "Fearless Fiend," who had brought me safely to my destination, went in quest of an hotel. He came back saying "nothing doing," or words to that effect. And I don't wonder. For, although there was an hotel called "The Sun," "Eclipse" would be a more descriptive name for my hostelry. My heart sank when I saw the outside of it, but it was clean inside, and the keepers of it are good-hearted and very interesting people. The chaplain and secretary eat at the Sun, so it must be the leading inn.

Two shelves above the hotel is St. Rita's Church and Convent, resting as they have for hundreds of years, in the midst of smiling squalor and pleasant indolence. A dream of many years has at last come true. Tomorrow I shall go there.

There is a French proverb which says that one should not die before seeing Carcassonne. Tonight I make my own proverb: "You must not die before seeing Cascia—and Rocca Porena!" For I have been in both—Cascia, the shrine of Saint Rita, and Rocca Porena, her birthplace and home.

My trip to Cascia has been the culmination of a long cherished desire. When I actually set upon the pilgrimage I was fully determined to maintain a bouyancy of mind, thus enabling myself to take everything good humoredly, for if one cannot smile at discomforts and forego food and a comfortable bed, occasionally, and above all, take a generous amount of dirt for granted, he had better confine himself to the typical tourist places, and never wander beyond easy walking distance of the main line of travel.

Cascia is a small hill town such as one encounters only in the very remote districts of Italy and Sicily. Saint Rita's Church and Convent, which is the one interest of outstanding world importance in the town, is situated on one of its narrow lanes which lead from its main thoroughfare. The hamlet is a network of these pinched by-ways, leading for the most part up steep inclines or flights of stone stairs. The main street is the only one broad enough to accommodate a vehicle, and the Church is thus removed from the disturbance of an occasional rattling cart. Its setting is amid squalid dwellings, picturesque in their antiquity, but rude and unsanitary.

The Borough of Cascia embraces considerable territory, and a population of over five thousand, but the town proper houses only about one thousand. It was once an independent republic.

High above St. Rita's Convent are the ruins of the ducal palace and its ancient fortifications. Many are the songs of flowing water that one hears on all sides as one wanders through the town. There is an abundance of water supply. It comes from the Corno river which flows in the valley below Cascia, and is conducted through a waterway, built on the lines of ancient Roman aqueducts. There is, however, no attempt at sanitation, such as the street flushings and gutter irrigation provisions one sees in French hill towns. None the less, St. Rita's Church and sacristy are models of cleanliness, due to the unremitting toil of the nuns.

---

The Church of Saint Rita is about sixty feet square, with an organ loft at the back, and three pews under the loft. On the right or west side, are altars, three in number . . . one is to Santa Lucia, who is depicted in a red gown and with a flaxen wig. Below, in front of the tabernacle, is a very fine Renaissance head of

the suffering Christ. Another altar has a life-size figure of the Madonna and Child, both dressed in wonderful mediaeval white and gold brocade. The east side of the church has two altars. There are a great number of ex votos, usually silver hearts on backgrounds of red velvet or silk, nicely framed in the Florentine manner, hanging all over the church, but the number is not nearly so great as one would naturally expect, for alas, St. Rita's own church seems to be a thing forgotten or overlooked. The main altar is of two shades of marble . . . modern and in very good taste. Round about hang pictures, the originals of those with which we of the Saint Rita Cult, who are not fortunate enough to have visited Cascia, have grown familiar through postcards and holy pictures.

A young peasant woman, with a handkerchief thrown over her head, was kneeling in the same pew with me. Her prayers were thickly interspersed with heavy sighs, but I finally took courage and interrupted her sighing to ask her where Saint Rita was buried. With the customary friendliness of the Italians, she conducted me behind the main altar, and there, behind a bronze grill, in a room about ten feet long and six feet wide, in a highly ornate sort of catafalque, the side of which is wood, covered with a life-size portrait of the Saint lying in her casket, reposes the body of Saint Rita. There are two wax candles in sconces, at either end of the catafalque, and the entire room is covered with layers of *ex voto* hearts, crutches, braces, miniature images of limbs, and even a watch. I pulled a bell cord at the side of the grill, and almost instantly a white robed nun came to me. I explained my presence as best I could and was told that the Mother Superior would come to me, as she spoke a little English.

The Mother Superior came at once and lighted the candles, then let down the side of wood, and, behind glass, was the body of Saint Rita, in a black habit, her hands resting on a cushion of gold and rose brocade. A crown of gold surmounted her black veil. I fell to my knees in trembling surprise! I was glad I had visited the tomb of Saint Clara in the morning, for I had not expected this, and even as it was, I was overwhelmed with emotion. The body is what they call "in a perfect state of preservation," though the Saint has been dead for nearly five hundred years. Like that of Saint Clara, it is black . . . exactly like ancient wood.

The Mother Superior was simple and almost childlike in her sympathetic kindness. I explained the reason for my presence at Cascia and gave her a little copy of a mosaic of Saint Rita I had presented to St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, in memory of my mother.

She, in turn, gave me postcards showing the cell of the Saint; the grape vine she had planted, and copies of different portraits. Then she took some medals and pressed them against the glass near the cheek of Saint Rita and handed them to me. She also gave me some of Saint Rita's blessed bread . . . little hard biscuits or crackers, a specialty of the convent; some green and fragrant foliate from Saint Rita's rose vine; dried rose petals from the same vine, which the Mother Superior said could be eaten for medicinal purposes; and little packets of powdered leaves, from Saint Rita's grape vine. There was nothing to buy, for, though the Sisters are desperately and pitifully poor, it seems that both the Convent and the town of Cascia are superbly devoid of the French spirit of commercializing shrines.

The Mother Superior asked for my card, which I gave her, and reaching my hand through the grill I pressed her hand and said good-by. I asked her if I might kneel before the altar and sing and she gave me permission. I knelt and sang an "Ave Maria" and walked quietly away.

---

I had asked the chaplain of Saint Rita's Church to try to secure permission for me to photograph the cloister and cell of Saint Rita, but he doubted his ability to obtain it. He asked me what time I wanted Mass, saying the regular Mass at six-thirty. I told him I could not attend the six-thirty services on account of my arrangements to go to Rocca Porena, so he told me to come to the church at ten o'clock and he would tell me about seeing the cloister. At ten I climbed up to the church, and it was locked. A very solicitous woman, whom my landlady had introduced the night before, rushed out of her house opposite the church and told me to come back in half an hour, and I sought the grateful shelter of the hotel dining room, which was cool, but not odorless. I had been sitting there but a few moments when in walked the chaplain, saying I could go to Church at once. The priest told me, as we ascended to the church, that the Mother Superior greatly regretted that I could not see the cloister, but permission to do so would have to come from Rome, and a week or ten days would be required to obtain it. Entering the church, we went direct to the sacristy and the chaplain reverently knelt in prayer, then washed his hands and face and knelt and prayed again, after which, assisted by a monk, he put his vestments on for mass, and to my almost overwhelming surprise, I realized that he had been waiting all morning without his breakfast to say mass just for me. The Shrine of Saint Rita was illuminated with

candles, and the door of the catafalque opened, and the main altar, where mass was celebrated, lighted by four great wax candles, and all in my honor and at my unwitting behest.

After mass, the chaplain took me to the grill behind the main altar and made me use my camera, for he had misunderstood me to say my intention for the Mass was to take a photograph. I exposed the film, but the Shrine was only candle-bright, and there was nothing on which to rest the camera, so I got no picture.

Then we rang the bell at the door through which Saint Rita entered miraculously five hundred years ago. A key was thrust through a grill, and the priest opened the entrance to the reception room, where, to another grill, came the Mother Superior and conversed with us and served us with reddish vermouth and cakes. She was so sweet and cordial and her faith in Saint Rita was so genuine that it brought tears to the eyes. This little community has devoted four hundred and sixty-five years to an ideal. The personnel of the sisterhood has constantly been changing by the passage of time, but still the light is kept burning and self-effacement has been supreme.

There were several points regarding Saint Rita which I wanted the Mother Superior to make clear to me:

One was: Did Saint Rita receive her stigmata from a crucifix or a picture of a crucifix, for accounts of this vary?

I was informed that the correct tradition relates of the devotion of Saint Rita for a picture of the Crucifixion, before which she frequently prayed, and it was from this picture that, during her devotions, a shaft of light appeared and ever after she bore the stigmata, or the mark of a thorn on her brow.

I was curious to know why the body of Saint Rita was robed in black, such as the habit shown in all the pictures and statues, and the nuns at Cascia, including the Mother Superior, wore white habits.

The answer was that during the summer season, or in hot climates, a white habit is substituted, and the material of this white habit is of cotton or linen.

The Order is that founded by St. Augustin and his mother, Saint Monica. There are priests of this Order in the United States, but only one convent of nuns, from a Belgian mother house, located in New York city.

---

Saint Rita's Convent, though clean, is in disrepair and sadly needs paint and a number of other surface improvements to make it come up to the expectation of a pilgrim who has visited the shrines of

other saints. One is put to confusion when the mind makes comparisons between it and the beautiful convents in the United States, none of which is old enough to have yet had the distinction of having sheltered a canonized saint. The air of poverty pervading everything at the Cascian convent but proves the pitiful sacrifices and self-denials necessary for the nuns to maintain what there is there.

One does not need to be told of the convent's poverty. The pilgrim can see at a glance that Saint Rita's community is desperately in need of help. Even the hard-working and faithful priest, a native of Cascia, cannot afford a table of his own and has to eat at the miserable hotel—which alone many Americans would deem penance enough to endure for twenty-four hours.

Yet one hears no complaining at Cascia. The nuns of Saint Rita's Convent belong to a small and not powerful sisterhood. For nearly five hundred years they have lived for their Saint, with a devotion and self-effacement that brings a modernist humbly to his knees. These noble women have watched and prayed and always with a deep and unswerving faith and dauntless hope in their hearts. For is not their Rita the Saint of the Impossible?

Hidden away in a wild canyon in the depths of the mountains of Umbria, far from a railroad and the connections of commerce, they stare with the confused wonder of startled children at the evil times which have come upon them. What can they know or understand of foreign exchange? A lira, the Italian coin, used to be worth twenty cents. Now it is worth less than five cents. A laborer used to receive five lire per day and live well. Now he is poor on a daily wage of twenty lire. Sugar costs seven lire a pound, and everything accordingly, but the brave nuns of Cascia keep their wax candles burning at Saint Rita's shrine and generously give to each and all their blessed bread, rose leaves from Saint Rita's vine and other precious souvenirs, and apologize that they cannot do more, saying in helpless astonishment: "We are very poor!"

They hear of the glories of Assisi; the prosperity of St. Anne of Auray and the wealth of Lourdes, while, with undiminished loyalty and exquisite devotion, they hope for what, but for their devotion to Rita, would seem impossible.

---

I engaged a guide to take me to Rocca Porena, a hamlet about two miles from Cascia, back in a remote corner of Corno Canyon. Rocca Porena was the birthplace and home of Saint Rita up to the time she miraculously entered the barred door of the convent

at Cascia. The guide insisted upon starting at five A. M. because the sun would be unendurable if the trip were attempted later.

At four I rose and opened the long shutters to watch the dawn come up over the Umbrian mountains. At five I was at the square awaiting my guide, who appeared at five-fifteen, which is punctual for Italy. My saddle was clean and soft, but my horse was wilful. He would not lead, and kept so dangerously close to the edge of the precipitous path that I strained my left arm pulling him back on the road.

The trip was full of interest. The steep mountains were all green between the jutting cliffs of gray and white stone, while on one side the precipitous crags were of barren lava. We ascended and descended along a path of stones ranging from the size of an egg to the dimensions of boulders, and for a while it was like approaching the mouth of a crater. The meadows below us were thickly dotted with flowers, and at our sides were clover, colored and white scabioceus, blue anemones and long stemmed dandelions. The coolness and fragrance of early morning was on everything and in the boxed-in portions of the canyon it was almost cold. The guide kept to the footpath, but we constantly forded the river, backward and forward, as the footpath was scarcely ten inches wide in many places, and impassable for an animal. The Corno River dashed cold and clear, and there was no other sound, for the birds had either flown elsewhere or, like the roses, were resting. Once in a while a few struggling vines with a harvest of anaemic grapes were seen—otherwise, all was wild and untamed with no attempt at cultivation.

We reached Rocca Porena in about two hours. No one was astir in the quaint little place at this early hour. I asked the guide how many people lived there, and he said about sixteen. (But I think he meant sixteen *families.*)

There is no other way of reaching Rocca Porena than by the path along which we came, and so it has been for more than a thousand years! As one approaches the hamlet, he sees a few squatty, ancient houses and a chapel perched half way up the side of a huge gray rock, which isolates itself from its sister peaks and starts up suddenly, alone and frightened, to a height of about one thousand feet.

There is a little church in the hamlet, next to the former home of Saint Rita, and on the summit of the peak is an oratory, in the process of construction. It is being built over the strangely shaped rock, under which Rita used to go to meditate and pray. The rock now serves as the altar in the oratory, but the temple

made by hands is superfluous . . . nature unadorned was so much more beautiful. The view from the oratory is stupendous, but the ascent is most difficult. Saint Rita must have had tireless energy to climb it so frequently. We rested for a quarter of an hour before attempting the slippery descent and I took some pictures.

We returned through the sleeping hamlet and looked through the grilled windows of the chapel, as the door was locked, but there was nothing of interest in the little edifice. The sun had come up over the mountains to the east, and as a result, we were uncomfortably warm all the way back to Cascia. Surely Saint Rita must have been divinely guarded to have traveled this path at midnight, otherwise she would have fallen headlong into the rushing Corno before she had progressed a hundred yards.

---

While I waited for my bill at the Hotel Sun, the Secretary of the Mayor talked with me, and when it came, he said, "Signor, I could not help seeing the amount. It is too much, but there is nothing to be done. I regret that my countrymen have always had the custom of fleecing the foreigner." But my travels on the continent and in Italy had prepared me for an excessive hotel charge—even in Cascia, so that I decided not to allow that unpleasant fact to mar the beauty of my memory of the place.

With a hideous noise, my chauffeur and I were off in our benzina-wagon. As we rounded the foot of the hill, we stopped to take a final look at Cascia—the dream shrine of my youth, which was now a reality. And as I looked at the tower of the aged church of Saint Rita, there came into my heart that part of the prayer to this adored Saint wherein the supplicant promises to spread her devotion, and never more fervently did I take this vow unto myself.

My heart was full of thanksgiving for this pilgrimage to Cascia, for I found at the shrine of Saint Rita that simplicity of faith and complete self-effacement for an ideal, which is characteristic of her saintly life, and such devotion is worth going a long way to share.

---

On August 7, 1737, 280 years after her death, Pope Clement XII, wrote the name of Rita of Cascia in the Martyrilogium Romanum, and on Ascension Day, May 24, 1900, Pope Leo XIII declared her a Saint. It was a long while for the little convent at Cascia to wait for the official recognition of their Saint, but the nuns of Cascia have dauntless patience and faith. They have always been worthy sisters of Rita, the Saint of the Impossible.

CECIL FANNING.

## THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE

INSPIRATION has been defined as a supernatural impulse by which God directed the authors of the canonical books to write down certain matter predetermined by Him. It is specially attributed to God the Holy Ghost, the word inspiration being used to signify that God *breathed* into them or suggested the thoughts which they wrote down. The word is also suggested by St. Paul in his second epistle to St. Timothy, where he says: "All Scripture, divinely inspired (literally divinely breathed, *divinitus inspirata*), is profitable to teach, etc." (2 Tim. 3:16.) St. Paul also expressly attributes the inspiration of Scripture to the Holy Ghost, when he says: "Well did the Holy Ghost speak to our fathers by Isaiah the prophet . . ." (Acts 28:25.)

St. Peter is equally unambiguous on this point. "No prophecy of the Scripture," says he in his second epistle, "is made by private interpretation. For prophecy came not by the will of man at any time; but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. 1:20, 21.) "The Scripture must be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost foretold by the mouth of David concerning Judas, . . . for it is written in the book of Psalms: 'Let their habitation become desolate, and let there be none to dwell therein, and . . . let another take his bishopric!'" (Ps. 68:26; 108:8. Acts 1:16, 20.) "God hath spoken by the mouth of His holy prophets from the beginning of the world. For Moses indeed said: A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you." (Deut. 18:15. Acts 3:21, 22.)

In his great sermon on the day of Pentecost, St. Peter quotes the Old Testament scriptures freely as inspired utterances which must be, and were even then in process of being fulfilled. "This is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh.'" (Joel 2:28. Acts 2:16) showing clearly his belief in their Divine Inspiration, for unless these Scriptures had more than a merely human authority their fulfillment must always remain a matter of doubt and speculation and could never be appealed to in order to substantiate our Lord's claims.

Our Blessed Lord Himself, in His patient efforts to overcome the stubborn unbelief of the Jews and the proud hostility of their leaders,

appealed more than once to those sacred writings which the Jews themselves admitted to be of divine origin, at the same time reserving to Himself and His Church the exclusive right to interpret the mysteries concealed within them.

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall not pass of the law, till all be fulfilled." (Matt. 5:17, 18.)

And as he unfolded the book, he found the place where it was written: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me: wherefore He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor . . . This day is fulfilled this scripture in your ears." (Is. 61:1. Luke 4:17, 18, 21.)

"What think you of Christ? Whose son is he?" They say to him: "David's." "How then doth David *in spirit* call him Lord, saying: The Lord said to my Lord: Sit on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?" (Ps. 109. Matt. 22:43, 45.) David is here said by Christ to be speaking "in spirit"; in other words, He declares him to be inspired.

When, after his baptism, our Blessed Lord was undergoing the temptation in the wildnerness, He repelled all the attacks of the Evil One with quotations from the law of Moses, thus placing upon it the seal of inspiration. For example, when advised to appease His hunger by turning stones into bread He replies: It is written: "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Again, when he was tempted to hurl Himself from the temple pinnacle and to save His life by summoning the miraculous aid of angels, He replied: It is written again: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Finally, to the temptation of gaining earthly power by the worship of Satan He replied: "Begone Satan, it is written: "The Lord thy God thou shalt adore and Him only shalt thou serve." (Deut. 8:3; 6:16; 6:13. Matt. 4:4, 7, 10.)

And even after His resurrection it was to the Scriptures that he appealed in order to establish the faith of His weak and vacillating disciples showing that "all things must needs be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning me." Then He opened their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. And He said to them: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead the third day; and that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations." (Luke 24: 44-47.)

That this was no new doctrine, but that our Lord was merely appealing to one that had already been revealed, is evident from the Scriptures themselves. The prophets claimed with no uncertain voice that they were inspired and had a message direct from God, and from Isaiah to Malachi the appeal is always to a supernatural revelation. Thus in Isaiah we read:

"Hear, O ye heavens and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken." (Is. 1:2.) "Therefore saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts, the mighty one of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies." (Is. 1:24.) "I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? And I said: "Lo, here am I, send me. And He said: Go and thou shalt say to the people, Hearing hear and understand not." (Is. 6:89.) So too, at the head of the prophecies of Jeremiah we read: "The words of Jeremiah . . . the word of the Lord which came to him." (Jer. 1:1, 2.) And over and over again in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezechiel and all the minor prophets one note is consistently sounded, a note of supernatural certainty "Thus saith the Lord," as far removed from the private opinion of some modern sectary as can well be imagined.

In that marvelous prophecy of the New Testament, the Apocalypse, the same claim to the supernatural enlightenment may be seen:

"The Revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto him . . . and signified sending by his angel to his servant, John, who hath given testimony to the word of God." "Unto the angel of the Church at Ephesus write: 'These things saith he who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand . . .'" (Apoc. 1:1, 2; 2:1.)

The inspiration of the Scriptures, old and new, has also been consistently maintained by the Fathers, and proclaimed at various Church Councils throughout the history of the Church. Thus in the second century St. Irenaeus is found discussing the manner in which the gospels were "inspired by the Divine Spirit," and "the Divine Scriptures," "the Divine oracles," "the Scriptures of God," "the Scriptures of the Lord" are the usual phrases by which the Fathers express their belief in biblical inspiration.

In the "Symbol of Faith" used in the consecration of bishops, God is spoken of as the "one author" *"unus auctor"* of the Old and New Testaments; and the same expression is used by the Fathers, assembled at the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century, and at Trent in the sixteenth. Finally at the Vatican Council, begun in 1869, it was decreed that the Scriptures were written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost" *"Spiritu sancto inspirante."*

Even in such a rapid survey as this, in which it is evidently quite impossible to do more than touch the fringe of so great a subject, we may yet perceive how throughout the ages of her history from the first recorded words of our blessed Lord at the commencement of this sacred ministry, down to the latest pronouncement of his Church, continual and unvaried testimony has been borne to the inspiration of the Scriptures and the teaching of the Church from first to last has been that God and not man has been the author of these sacred writings.

The fact of inspiration being established one naturally demands what is the reason which prompted God to bestow this wonderful favour on man?

Was it to teach man science? Was it to give us a ready-made scheme of cosmology, astronomy, geology? Not by such a method is the knowledge of the physical universe obtained; but by patient, laborious, careful painstaking investigation of facts and the drawing of logical deductions from those facts, for thus it is that the scientific mind is best developed.

Was it to teach us history?

Was it to give us a ready-made scheme of sociology or politics?

Again experience has taught us that true social and political progress is not made by blindly copying the methods of past ages but by the wise application of the principles of religion and common-sense (not, however, forgetting to benefit by the heritage of past failures and successes) to the ever new problems of the present and future.

If the value and inspiration of the Scriptures had lain merely and solely in the scientific or historical lore to be found within their pages is it likely that they would have been preserved and treasured up from age to age and copied and recopied with faithful and loving care by countless hands and prized as the most cherished possession of the Jewish and Christian Churches successively for thousands of years? On the contrary, it is a well-known fact that there is nothing so ephemeral or transitory as the last new scientific text-book and scarcely is the ink dry on its pages when some fresh discovery relegates all the valuable information contained therein to the scrap heap.

So too with history; each generation makes its own investigations and promotes the history-books of the generation before to the top shelf; and it is only when we come to Religion, which treats, not of the interrelations of mere creatures, but of the relation between the creature and the Creator, between man and God, that we strike bed-rock and find ourselves in the presence of the immutable and eternal. Thus it is that while human systems, whether of science, history

or what not, "have their day and cease to be" often indeed to be forgotten even in their author's lifetime, the Word of God lives perennially, endowed with immortal life, and is as highly prized and loved today as it was nineteen centuries ago.

Thus the ordinary believer may safely leave questions of biblical cosmology, chronology, geology, etc., to the expert whom duty or inclination may lead along these somewhat thorny by-paths; for him the important point to remember is that the end and object of the issuing to the world of that sacred literature which we call the Bible was not the material envelope within which the Holy Ghost chose to present the Word to humanity, but the underlying substance; and that the natural meaning of the Scriptures is only of value as a vessel by means of which spiritual nourishment may be conveyed to the soul.

The sacraments of the Church may perhaps serve as an illustration of this point. For as the mere matter of any sacrament, without the form and intention, is powerless to convey sacramental grace, so also is the mere letter of scripture. The water, the oil, the bread, the wine, are nothing in themselves apart from the form employed by the ministers of the sacraments and the intention in their minds and similarly (without pressing the analogy too closely) we may say that it is in the spiritual and not in the literal sense of Scripture that the efficacy lies and it is for the sake of the spiritual sense that it exists.

The story of the fall of Adam, for example, is significant to us mainly because it serves as a reminder to us of our own fallen nature which results from it, and of the urgent need that we should be redeemed from the power of the evil one, that we should be clothed by the Lord in the graces that we have lost, even as Adam, when cast out of Eden, was clothed by the Lord in protecting skins, and that we should labour and struggle against the weeds of vice and the thorns of temptation which hinder us in the cultivation of our souls.

So too while we fully believe in the literal history of the book of Exodus and the account therein contained of the raising up of a race of people to bear witness to the one and only God, of their escape from Egyptian bondage by the crossing of the Red Sea, of their preservation from death and destruction in the wilderness by food brought from the clouds and water from the rock, of their wonderful guidance, amid all difficulties, by the Lord in a pillar of fire and cloud, and of their establishment as a kingdom in the promised land, yet these truths of history *in themselves* have little bearing on the life of today: their main interest and significance lies in the fact that they are a prefiguring of the raising up of the Catholic Church; of man's escape from the bondage of sin and a sensual life amid the

fleshpots of self-indulgence, through the sacraments of baptism and penance, administered by God through that Church; of the miraculous feeding of man in the Church with heavenly bread and "spiritual drink" in the sacrament of the Eucharist and the perpetual guardianship and guidance offered to him in the Church whereby light is shed upon his path as he stumbles forward groping, sometimes feebly, sometimes resolutely, towards the promised land. "For I would not have you ignorant, brethren (says St. Paul), that our fathers were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and all in Moses were baptized in the cloud and in the sea, and they all ate the same spiritual food, and all drank the same spiritual drink, and they drank of the spiritual Rock that followed them, *and the Rock was Christ.* . . . Now these things were done in a figure of us." (1 Cor. 10: 1-6.)

"It is written that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bond-woman, and the other by a free-woman. But he that was born of a bond-woman was born according to the flesh; but he by the free-woman was by the promise. Which things are said by an allegory: for these are the two testaments, the one from Mt. Sinai, which bringeth forth unto bondage, which is Agar. For Sinai is a mountain in Arabia, which hath an affinity with that which now is Jerusalem, and is in bondage with her children. But that Jerusalem which is above is free, which is our Mother. . . .55 (Gal. 4: 22 et seq.)

"The former (testament) indeed had also justifications of worship, and a worldly sanctuary; for the first tabernacle was made, wherein were the candlesticks and the table and the setting forth of loaves, which is called the Holy . . . Now these things being thus ordered, in to the first tabernacle the priests indeed always entered, accomplishing the offices of the sacrifices; but into the second the high priest, alone, once a year, not without blood which he offereth for his own and the people's ignorance . . . which is a parable of the time then present . . . But Christ being present a high priest of the good things to come by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands . . entered once into the sanctuary having obtained eternal redemption. . . . (Heb. 9.) We also read in this epistle of the "law having a shadow of the good things to come." (Heb. 10: 1.)

We have already pointed out how both St. Peter and St. Paul in the various addresses delivered by them after our Lord's ascension and recorded in the book of Acts, continually refer to the Old Testament, not for the sake of the literal history or local and temporal

prophecy therein contained, but always as an allegory or parable of the coming of Christ and the setting up of His Church.

"For David saith concerning Him [Christ]: 'I foresaw the Lord always before my face, because He is at my right hand, that I may not be moved . . . because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.' . . . Ye men, brethren, let me freely speak to you of the patriarch David, that he died and was buried; and his sepulchre is with us to the present day. Whereas therefore he was a prophet, and knew that God had sworn to him, with an oath that of the fruit of his loins one should sit upon his throne; foreseeing he spoke of the resurrection of Christ, for neither was *he* left in hell, neither did *his* flesh see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised up again whereof we all are witnesses—exalted by the right hand of God. . . for David did not ascend into heaven but he himself said: The Lord said to my Lord; sit thou on my right hand." (Acts 2: 25-35.)

St. Peter here quotes three different Psalms: the 15th, the 131st and the 109th, all apparently referring to King David and his successors on the throne of Israel in the literal sense, yet he applies them in each case to Christ in proof of His divine mission, His resurrection and ascension and His Eternal power in glory in Heaven. So too the evangelists are constantly quoting or referring to the Old Testament as being fulfilled in the life of Christ and over and over again we find the phrase repeated "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." But this is after all, only an application of the teaching that our Blessed Lord Himself gave to His disciples after His resurrection when first on the way to Emmaus, "beginning from Moses and all the prophets, he expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things that were concerning him;" and again in Jerusalem to the eleven apostles He said: "These are the words which I spoke to you while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning me. Then He opened their understanding that they might understand the scriptures." Luke 24: 27, 44, 45.) "Search the Scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting, and the same are they that give testimony of me." (John 5: 39.)

It is indeed abundantly clear that our Lord taught, and His apostles likewise, that the significance of the Scriptures of the Old Testament lay not so much in their literal and obvious sense but in their allegorical and spiritual sense, in their reference to the coming of Christ in His Church and in the soul of man; and more than once our Lord transcending the literal sense (as for instance in

His teaching regarding the love of enemies, taking of oaths, etc.) and penetrating beneath the mere surface meaning of the Mosaic Law brings forth to view the spiritual principles concealed within; not destroying the Law, as He Himself warns us, but fulfilling it, filling it full of a meaning such as the wordly-minded both of His age and our own were profoundly ignorant of, and which they rejected, and still reject, as soon as it was heard. For if I have spoken to you earthly things and you believe not, how will you believe if I shall speak to you heavenly things?" (John 3: 12.) "He that is of the earth, of the earth he is, and of the earth he speaketh. He that cometh from heaven is above all, and what he hath seen and heard that he testifieth, and no man receiveth his testimony." (John 3: 31, 32.) "To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but to the rest in parables; that seeing they may not see, and hearing may not understand." (Luke 8: 10.)

We learn furthermore from these words that not only the Old Testament had be be given in parabolic form, in history, prophecy, psalm and proverb, but, on account of the grossness of men's minds the new Gospel had similarly to be veiled from the profane gaze of man. Without parables he did not speak to them, no Scripture was of private interpretation. Our Lord clearly taught that to those to whom He delegated the power, the apostles and their successors, belonged the right to interpret the Writings of the Church, and only by them could the mysteries of His life and teaching be revealed.

St. Thomas Aquinas (I Qu. 1.a.10) distinguishes two main methods of interpreting the Scriptures: the literal and the spiritual. Further subdividing the spiritual meaning into three classes: the allegorical, tropological and anagogical.

The allegorical method is that so frequently used by our Lord and His apostles in order to show how the coming of Christ and His Church are the fulfillment of the Law and the prophets of the Old Testament, of which we have already quoted several instances. The tropological method shows how the Scriptures may be applied to the development of the moral nature of man, while the anagogical method shows how the Scriptures foretell man's future glory.

That this teaching of St. Thomas as to the importance of the spiritual sense of the Scripture was by no means new, but rather a restatement of an old and well established truth can be abundantly proved by reference to the early Fathers of the Church; for the central principle of Protestantism, that the literal sense of the Scriptures, as interpreted by each individual mind, is the Word of God and a

sure guide to the human soul was soon perceived to be the source of all error, and has since abundantly proved itself to be the life-blood of innumerable heresies and schisms that have threatened the Church of God.

One has only to compare the negative and destructive treatment meted out to the Bible in modern times with the constructive and positive interpretations of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyril or St. John Chrysostom, to name only a few of the illustrious teachers of early times, to be struck by the contrast between these two attitudes of mind. On the one hand we have an uninspired and uninspiring anti-supernaturalism, destructive, alas! too often both of faith and morals in those who have not the training necessary to perceive its shallow superficiality: on the other hand, when we turn to the Fathers of the Church we meet with a sublime and spiritual faith, a keen intellectual discrimination and that respect for authority, which is the surest safeguard against the aberrations of the uncontrolled intellect.

Of course, when we speak of the *modern* method of treating the Bible we do not by any means wish to imply that it is a new method. In this case it is most literally true that "nothing under the sun is new," and if only some of our self-complacent coiners of brand-new, modern, up-to-date and absolutely original theories would take the trouble to delve into the records of the past (about the last thing they ever think of doing) they would soon discover these self-same theories to be moth-eaten and mouldy with age and buried inches deep beneath the dust of ages.

Indeed from the very first century of the Christian era, down to our own times, we meet constantly with protests raised by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church from time to time as need arises against a too literal and unspiritual treatment of the written Word of God.

Thus Ignatius, a disciple of St. John, a canonized saint, and martyr for the faith, found it necessary, even at so early a date, to warn the Christians of his day that "the law of God is spiritual, and they have not the true law who do not take it spiritually."[1] And the same message has been repeated by the leaders of the Church from age to age ever since.

Saint Augustine, in his sermons and other writings, sounds repeatedly this warning note against a too crude and superficial way of regarding the Holy Scriptures. "The five books of Moses," says he, "preach nothing else but Christ, as He Himself says: If

[1]In Psalm cxviii. §26.

ye believe in Moses believe also in me, for he wrote of me."[2] "They who take the writings of Moses according to the literal sense, do not desire to be learned in the kingdom of heaven, neither do they pass over to Christ, that He might remove the veil . . . The unbelieving Jews . . . when they read the books of Moses, have the veil upon their hearts, and as this is not removed, they do not understand the Law."[3] "Do you believe that the waters of Bethesda were want to be troubled by the might of an angel, and that there is no mystery signified by it?"[4] "According to the authority of all the Scriptures, there are two births of Christ."[5] "Mary brought forth and was a virgin, and thus too does the Church bring forth Christ and is a virgin."[6]

"To this (Virgin Church) the Holy Spirit came down, and the power of the Most High overshadowed it."[7] Again he says: "Wine in many passages, is put by us for the Holy Scriptures, which contain within them the purest force of heavenly wisdom, by which the understandings of men are warned and their affections inebriated. While Christ wrought in Cana of Galilee, they wanted wine, and wine is produced for them; that is, the shadows are removed, and the truth is presented to view. The good wine is the Old Testament, but this (good wine) does not appear, unless in the letter it be spiritually understood."[8]

"Shall we say nothing of the signification of the water-pots, of the water turned into wine, of the steward of the feast, of the signification of the bridegroom, and what in the mystery is meant by the Mother of Jesus, and by the marriage itself? . . . Let us knock, and He will open and give us to drink of the invisible wine until we be inebriated."[9]

Other miracles of our Lord are treated by St. Augustine in the same manner. Thus in reference to the withering of the fig tree he says: "Unless it be taken figuratively, it has no sense in it."[10] "If this miracle had been only a thing to be admired, *and not a prophetic figure,* the Lord had more worthily shown His clemency and mercy by causing a withered tree to bud forth and to flourish, in like manner as He had healed the sick, etc."[11] St. Hilary, it might be mentioned here, explains the fig-tree as signifying the Jewish

[2]In Quaest. 64, Diversae Quaest.
[3]Contra Faust. lib. xii: cap. 4.
[4]In locum Evang. Johannis.
[5]Serm. 234.
[6]Serm. 218.
[7]In append. Serm. 125. §5.
[8]In append. Serm. 90.
[9]In locum Johan.
[10]Serm. 77.
[11]Serm 89.

Church;[12] and in reference to the miracles in the same commentary he remarks that "Although these works of Jesus were done at this time, we should consider well what their signification is in relation to future times;" thus agreeing with St. Augustine who declares in one of his sermons that "He is at this day performing those still greater cures, on account of which He condescended to exhibit those lesser miracles."[13] And elsewhere that "our Lord intended that these cures which He performed bodily should be also understood spiritually."[14]

Speaking of the woman who was cured of the issue of blood, he says, "She is the figure of the Church among the Gentiles,"[15] and adds that the whole human race, are, like this woman, bowed down to the earth. The devil and his angels bow the souls of men down to the earth, that, being bent to those things that are earthly, they may not seek those things that are above."[16]

Writing of our Lord's cure of the man born blind, by means of spittle mixed with clay, St. Augustine further remarks that that blind man is the human race."[17] St. John Chrysostom also writing on the same theme exclaims: "What a strange mode of cure is this! But what shall we say is the signification of this mystery? These things were not simply nor inconsiderately done, but describe what will hereafter happen to us, as in an image and by a figure, or else with all the power of faith, it would give offence to the minds of many people, so incredible and strange is the whole relation."[18]

Similarly St. Cyril in his commentary on St. John says: "What could be the reason, it may be asked, for Jesus having used His spittle mixed with clay in the cure of the blind man, when, without any trouble, and by merely speaking the word he could have cured him? Certainly the force of this miracle must have a certain mystic reason." Elsewhere he says: "The blind man is he who is destitute of the Divine Light."[19]

Even St. Jerome who has been described as "a Bible scholar and critic of the literal type," and who as a translator of the Scriptures was naturally more concerned with literal interpretation than with the spiritual, was yet not unmindful of the mystical sense.

Thus in one of his writings he reminds his readers that "they who follow the obscurity of the letter are wise only in earthly

[12]In locum Math.
[13]Serm. 88.
[14]Serm. 98.
[15]Serm. 77.
[16]Serm. 392.
[17]In loc. Johan.
[18]In loc. Johan.
[19]De Adoratione.

things."[20] Again he says: "Christ is the true stone which is found in the letter of the law, but which is rejected by those who rest in the letter."[21] "Whatsoever is promised to the Israelites carnally, we show will at one time or other be fulfilled in us spiritually."[22]

Commenting on the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel he tells us that the bitter waters "signify the law in its literal sense." Elsewhere he says: "We interpret the Virgin to mean that human heart which has a conscience void of sin, and which produces from itself Immanuel, or God with us; that is, the Word of God, which is present to it, is born of this soul. According to tropology, the Word of God is conceived of the Holy Ghost in the virginal soul, when it is not spotted with sin."[23]

Again, in reference to the rending of the veil of the Temple at the death of Christ he says: "The veil of the temple was rent and all the sacred mysteries of the Law, which were before covered, were made known and passed over to the Gentiles."[24] And "when that shall come which is perfect, then shall the inner veil of the temple be rent asunder, that we may see the mysteries of the house of God, which are now hidden from us."[25]

And even to us, who are so far removed from that "which is perfect," the words of the saintly translator and interpretor of Holy Writ have a message of hope and spiritual cheer, a call to a more earnest, prayerful, submissive and devoted study of the Sacred Writings of the Church, a call re-echoed by our Holy Father Leo XIII, and his successors in the chair of St. Peter, which no Catholic can safely ignore, and which, if responded to in a spirit of loyalty, and reverence cannot but be fraught with the richest blessings for our souls and an intense deepening of our spiritual life, for "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

A. RYLAND.

---

[20]In lib. Amos. cap. 1.
[21]Breviar in Ps. 117.
[22]In Praef. lib. iv. In Jeremiam.
[23]In Isaiam 7.
[24]In locum Math.
[25]In Epist. ad Hedibriam.

## THE PRICE OF PEACE

IN THIS World we must pay for that we get; nothing is free. No matter what it is, be it an article of commerce or a change in conditions, or what it may, it can be had only by sacrifice in more or less degree. We must give something, bring about a difference in the facts of life that will harmonize such facts of life with the change involved in acquirement by us of what we seek. There is always the *quid pro quo;* and the more desirable the thing we want the more we must pay for it.

In the process of time there have grown up in man certain modes of thought, slants on life that have ceased to be matter of speculation and become habits of thought ingrained in him; they are assumed to be necessary to the world merely because they have dominated man for so long a time. Throughout the history of man there has been more or less of a desire for world-wide peace; but man has never been willing to make the sacrifice. Permanent peace would be an anomaly; it is so at variance with the conditions under which man lives that it is not to be attained excepting by sacrifices that are sufficiently momentous to materially modify many of those habits of thought that have so long dominated the world. Sentiment alone, leagues of nations, or international courts of justice and the like are mere abstract conceptions that involve no change that will concern the daily life of the individual. Idealism is merely idealism and accomplishes nothing. Human nature is human nature; it changes slowly and we cannot hurry the process. How therefore can we attain permanent peace? Is it practicable? Yes—if we are willing to pay the price. But are we willing to do so?

All nature is strife; the world and all that is in it and on it or that appertains to it is the resultant of conflicting forces. This is a law that must be given due consideration in every problem of whatever nature or kind; we cannot ignore it; for if we do we are sure to meet with disaster. Only insofar as these opposing forces permit, nay dictate, has there been change. Geology, chemistry, botany, anthropology, all sciences, show continued, relentless warfare. Life of whatever degree or kind is constantly engaged in a struggle for existence; the lesser goes to the wall, is destroyed or absorbed by the stronger.

Man differs from other mammals in that he possesses mental processes with which he consciously controls or affects circumstances that go to make up life. Other animals have instinct; but he alone thinks and reasons. Thought creates in him new and different desires and purposes. His reason tells him that certain conditions or combinations of conditions will contribute to his well-being. Food, clothing, shelter he must have; but these things constitute bare subsistence; and he improves on them. The more advanced his stage of mental development the more needs he has, and these new needs become, in his eyes, necessities. He learns from what has occurred that he can in certain ways improve his existence. He has created money, a medium of exchange, because he has learned that it eases the strain for existence; the more he accumulates the more he gets out of life. Thus it is that in the process of time he has come to consider money a necessity to existence. He considers it of such importance that it has become his ruling passion. And the most facile way to obtain it, he has learned, is through commerce.

Therefore property rights have assumed an importance in human thought far in excess of personal rights. They have come to be thought the *sine qua non* of existence, a conception not consciously attached to personal liberty unconnected with "vested interests" as the term is; and he hedges about property rights safeguards that the less tangible personal rights do not have. The latter he neglects, the former he bears ever in mind. By imperceptible degrees the latter have given way to the former; as between the two the personal rights fall by the wayside, to be snatched up again only when property rights are affected. Government itself is based on property rights. Civilization has advanced only insofar as commerce, the source of wealth, has permitted or demanded. There is no great landmark of freedom in history that has not been impelled by some demand of property.

This conflict between property rights and personal rights has always been going on, the latter receding before the former. How to temper, control and restrain these opposing forces and guide them to an ultimate good with the minimum of injury has been the problem of man since the beginning of time. And man must compel a proper balance between them before he can even approximate permanent peace. It is not a theory, but a hard fact in nature. We all want peace; but we must apply this desire for peace in a practical way; we must sacrifice even our ruling passion for it if necessary. Misplaced sentiment, whether based on fear or idealism, has caused incalculable harm in the world, has retarded immeasurably the cause of peace, of civilization itself. Given a selfish reason, as a desire

for wealth, a man of ordinary shrewdness can easily influence public opinion and direct it unerringly to his own ends. Give him a high-sounding platitude as a fulcrum and the power of wealth, and he can bring about a definite result, even a *non sequitur;* the average man does not reason, he accepts a phrase and states a suggested conclusion.

We live in an age characterized by great combinations of wealth for commercial ends, organized and with the means to create an idea —whether true or false is immaterial—that certain things are necessary. The confessed purpose of these combinations is not to benefit mankind, but to create more demands, to increase profits and expand commerce. What therefore more natural than that war, opening up as it does, new sources of sudden and great increase of wealth, should stimulate the avarice of the commercial mind? The great executives are not paid to advance civilization; they are paid to increase profits. Big business has no department in it that concerns itself with the ills of humanity. In this regard they are one-sided, but they are consistent with the purposes they pursue.

All wars have been largely caused by the commercial instinct, the desire for wealth in the minimum time and with the minimum of effort. Unmoral it is in the abstract, but nevertheless a fact. True it is that other causes are assigned, but these other causes, real though they be to a certain extent, might have been and probably would have been eliminated and belligerently avoided had it not been for the overruling desires of the dominant commercial factors fostering, perhaps without thought of the effect, a breach of peaceable relations between peoples. Every war in the history of the world has been compelled by this commercial instinct, the same as every advance in liberty has been compelled by the same thing. Large aggregations of capital see a greater good in their own material welfare, and in order to bring about this result they have stimulated a hostile spirit, playing upon the sentiment of patriotism and national pride, suppressing or misinterpreting such facts as militate against disturbance of peaceable relations between peoples, exaggerating all matters that tend to create anger and resentment, appealing to the glory to be achieved and ignoring the resultant suffering and harm. They see an end—material gain; and this end destroys their sense of public weal.

Until therefore a plan be devised for controlling this primal desire to acquire wealth, restraining the methods of attainment so as to effectually divorce it from international relations, restoring personal rights to their proper importance, it will be impossible to bring about a permanent peace. Such a plan must be complete in itself; it must

be a cage from which there is no method of escape. Compulsion of restraint is necessary; and the plan must be so devised that it applies to human beings as they are. A plan applicable to perfect men would be of no avail, worse than useless; for it would be impracticable. The problem is not to change man, but to restrain human nature.

This articles is an attempt to formulate such a plan, and discuss briefly the different features of it. How then can we remove all possibility of profit in war and at the same time continue in the people an honest self-respect with the will and the force behind it to resist unjust aggression?

A war should be conducted by a people on a cost of production basis; in the strict sense there should be no profit, not even to the government itself. The expense involved is extraordinary and should come out of the resources of the countries involved without jeopardizing the livelihood of the people. Every resource of a country at war is involved directly or indirectly. The increased demand caused by the status of belligerency stimulates production, thereby enhancing the profits of all productive industry. Therefore government should at the very inception of war take over absolutely and assume exclusive control of all industries, running them as a part of the government itself insofar as production, efficiency and financial gain or loss are concerned. If business—and by business I mean all productive industry—is continued as usual, excepting as to increased production, the economic situation will remain almost normal; but if profit, including normal profit, be taken for public use, allowing only a reasonable salary to those already necessarily employed in its maintenance, a long step toward permanent peace will have been made. Call it a tax or what you will, exercised as a war power, the men dominant in different activities would have no incentive to create a false public sentiment for disturbance of peaceful relations between nations. But this must apply to everything that in any way, shape or form, either directly or indirectly, tends to affect the profit to be derived from a state of war. And let no compensation or indemnity thereafter, either during the existence of belligerency or after a peace shall have been effected, be made for damage or injury to the business itself or its assets so taken over. Property will then bear the same burden as the person of the citizen; it will bear its just proportion of the risk of injury or destruction. Man holds wealth for the public benefit; this is the sole basis of the protection it receives. Therefore let government draft wealth with minimum exemptions applying to the conditions of the home, as well as draft the man-power of the country.

On the productive side probably the greatest profit in war is derived from manufacture of arms and munitions, as well as from loans made by large financial interests underwriting nations at war. Government should therefore, at all times, both during peace and war, exclusively own and maintain plans for manufacture of arms and munitions. By international agreement, as well as by domestic legislation, loans to states at war or for purposes of war should be outlawed. If there be war it should be conducted on a cash basis—the cash to be derived from use by the government of property and industry drafted. This would eliminate the taxation of future generations for the benefit of the present generation. The history of credit shows that the average man will hesitate about paying cash for what he buys, whereas he will trust to the future as to what he does not absolutely need. The fact that a war will be conducted with his cash, with no possibility of profit and the additional risk of total loss or substantial injury to his property, will act as a strong deterrent of severance of international relations.

The incentive of private profit being removed, false propaganda will have no cause of use. Add to this a stringent law penalizing the publication of false or colored statement of alleged facts involving international relations, without restraining freedom of speech or of the press in its correct, technical sense.

The personal danger in war should be equalized. Physical fitness for military service is by no means determined by age of the individual. It is within the knowledge of all that in the late world war those who declaimed most emphatically in condemnation of avoidance of military service were the people least liable to be called on for such duty or beyond the draft age. The term slacker was a much abused term. The men in whose mouths this term was most frequent had the opportunity to volunteer at some time or other; but they never embraced that opportunity; they were not consistent if they were sincere. They contributed nothing to the war; and on them was the same duty as on the man within the draft age. They were safe in their persons and property; and they continued to receive the same emolument as in peace times. They gave up no position. They suffered no additional personal insecurity. They remained at home in charge of their own personal businesses. Had these men beyond the draft age known that they would, in the event of war, been liable to suffer the personal danger of military service equally with the younger men, they would have been more inclined to serious thought before demanding or favoring the step that involved war. If therefore all men were subject to draft for military service, irrespective of age or position in life—for you can always find someone

else capable to do your work—or of wealth and social standing, the selection to be made by lot and the assignment for personal service to be made according to physical and mental fitness, we would have an additional strong deterrent to war. Such a draft should include a provision that the mere fact of holding of public office would constitute no group of exemption from service irrespective of what the office may be.

War is a condition in which every man and woman has a direct interest. The execution of the draft law in the recent world war demonstrated that a speedy and effective draft of the man power of a country was feasible. Such being the case it is equally feasible to create the machinery that would enable a popular vote on the question as to whether war should be declared or not. The question therefore should be submitted to a popular advisory vote to determine the sentiment of the people. If the vote be against war, the body having the power to declare war should not do so excepting in a clear case of self-defense—and in such state of affairs no declaration of war is necessary. If the popular vote advise a declaration of war, then the governmental body having the power to declare war should consider whether to do so or not, on its merits, the right being reserved to refuse to concur in the result of the popular vote. And even then, before war begins, let at least two months elapse before belligerency becomes a fact, during which time diplomatic negotiations can be carried on in an effort to effect a settlement of the matter in dispute.

I do not favor a league of nations; for it creates a medium to enable international politicians to combine to bring about conditions that will redound to the benefit of a nation or group of nations, and for the further reason that it surrenders sovereignty, thereby exposing a nation to the caprice of such a cabal of politicians. National self-interest will control the deliberations of the governing body of such a league; and large financial combinations will control the members and all ethical considerations will be lost sight of in the trade made. I do not favor a world court for the same reasons, and for the additional reason that such a court would be powerless to enforce its judgment, would be futile and indirectly result in war. I do not favor arbitration of international differences; for the individual national interest of the members of the board will determine the award, as witness the case of the brig-of-war, *Gen. Armstrong*.

Once war is declared, however, the power over the military should be taken from the normal executive and lodged in some permanent department of government, the personnel of which could not profit politically from the result.

Government and all its departments are human; they may err. Military secrets are not lodged in the people. Public officials, particularly in times of war, and public measures should be subjected to the scrutiny and criticism of the citizen. His criticism cannot aid the enemy and may be of assistance to his own government. What happens between belligerents is known to both governments and no military secrets are divulged to the citizen. Censorship accomplishes nothing; it merely causes uneasiness among the people. It should therefore be forbidden.

War at its best is barbarous. It should therefore be the endeavor of mankind to lessen its rigor. Certain acts, either because of their effect on noncombatants or their inherent harshness, should be prohibited by international agreement. The use of poison gas and of instruments that create unnecessary suffering should be eliminated. These things could be ascertained by impartial investigation and could be condemned by a code of penal regulations to be determined by the international jurists of the world.

When you touch a man's pocketbook you touch him more effectively than in any other way. And so it is with nations representing the varying influences of the individuals that compose it. During the war therefore there should be complete commercial nonintercourse between neutrals and belligerents. This would have a double effect: it would remove all possible financial interest of other countries and at the same time act as a check on nations contemplating hostile operations.

After termination of the war the nations that have been involved will be more or less demoralized; they will need every resource for rehabilitation and re-establishment of normal conditions. There should therefore be no indemnities either in property or in territory for losses sustained; each would then be free to use whatever means it has left to bring about a return to a stable condition of affairs.

Separate nations are necessary for the preservation not only of liberty but for the furtherance of progressive thought and action; they act as checks and balances on each other. Different peoples have been schooled for time out of mind in different ideas and theories; out of their individual history have evolved distinct ideas of right and wrong. None are right in their entirety; none are wrong in their entirety; and as they think so should they act in domestic affairs, without outside interference. Diplomacy can accomplish both good and bad; it should therefore be restrained to its proper sphere—the securing of peace and national well-being. Dollar diplomacy, so called, is a constant source of irritation. When a group of business men acting as a business unit invest in the resources of a

foreign country they should do so with a full realization that in case of business adversity they could not call upon their own government for force to extricate them, but, on the other hand, must abide by such action as the local tribunals of the foreign country should accord them. The domestic affairs of a country, the conditions under which people do business or live, their rights and duties, all matters of internal regulation of person and property, should be under the exclusive control of that country.

Treaties of offense and defense constitute a menace to the peace of the world; for one nation will take the step that leads to war if reasonably assured of aid from another government, whereas it would not do so if it had not that assurance. Such treaties should be outlawed by the law of nations as against the public policy of the world.

The use of the commercial embargo, touching as it does the ruling passion of man, constitutes the most effective check on violation of agreed duties by nations; but this penalty should be evoked only in case of failure of all amicable protest. But when it is evoked it should be world-wide and continued so long as the offending nation continues to violate its bounden duty.

Civilization is dependent on character. Undermine that and retrogression sets in. Greece and Rome fell because the dominant forces in their social life concentrated on material advancement to the neglect of the public weal; the character of the people was undermined so that they were unable to resist the inroads of the so-called barbarous peoples from the north. The eventual and logical result was the era known as the Dark Ages, when learning, knowledge, honor, decency and justice sought sanctuary, and for generations the world was reduced to a condition near to savagery. Ages were necessary to recuperate and regain the lost ground. Manliness and civilization are inseparable. The test of a man is his ability to bear hardship. And so it is with a nation. An unmanly people cannot long survive. Theories are all right in their place, but a theory that does not include the maintenance of the stamina not only necessary to exist and progress but also to demand and secure respect, will never accomplish any practical result.

The world wants peace; but peace at the price of self-respect cannot be lasting. A nation must so conduct itself that it is never intentionally or even negligently wrong; the Golden Rule between states should be as effectively observed as between individuals. Patriotism is love of country; but the country must so conduct its affairs as to justify that love. It must stand before the world as worthy of equality of treatment and in addition must be able to command it. A

nation of cowards and sneaks deserves no consideration; and it receives none.

Every government owes a duty to its citizenry to be prepared for any eventuality. By this is not meant maintenance of large standing armies and navies; but there must be such military forces as will constitute an efficient skeleton on which, in time of war, large armies and navies can be builded. Armaments should be limited to the needs of the time and the individual country. And as with armies and navies, so with armaments and munitions of war and plants for the manufacture of the same; they must be sufficient to place the military forces on a war basis on minimum notice, to provide for the time of national peril.

And above all there should be fostered in the people themselves a healthy public opinion, a national pride based on achievement, tempered and controlled by a deep-seated sense of justice to all, of universal good will, of love of mankind, consideration for their weaknesses and a self-respecting self-restraint with no desire to benefit their own country at the expense of the rights of others, as well as a determination to maintain their own rights at any expense.

FRED. B. HART.

## LISIEUX AT THE PRESENT DAY

THE leading points of the history of Blessed Teresa, of Lisieux, commonly called in English-speaking countries the "Little Flower," are certainly familiar to American readers, but a short account of her shrine, as it is now, may interest those who have not made the pilgrimage to the old Norman City.

Born at Alencon, on January 2, 1873, of devout parents, Teresa Martin was only four years old when her mother died. Her father, a well-to-do jeweller, then retired from business and settled at Lisieux, with his five daughters, to be near his wife's relatives. He bought a house outside the town, called "les Buissounets," it has became a favourite station, where the "Beata's" clients venerate the memories of her happy childhood. For, in the mother's absence, the sensitive, loving child was most tenderly watched over by her father and elder sisters. Her mystic aspirations revealed themselves at an early age, but they were combined with absolute simplicity; there was nothing of the infant prodigy about this little girl. Her sisters trained her wisely and well, without undue indulgence, although being his youngest child, she was evidently her father's favourite. One after another the elder girls entered Convents: Marie and Pauline went to the Carmel at Lisieux; Leonie, whose health was fragile, to the Visitation at Caen; the two younger girls, Céline and Teresa, lived in hopes of following their sisters to the Carmel and it so happened that the Benjamin, Teresa, went first.

On April, 1888, the child—she was only fifteen—entered the Convent, not without some difficulty; the Bishop of Bayeux and the Superior of the Carmel having hesitated to admit so young an aspirant.

On January 10, 1889, she took the habit, and, on September 8, 1890, she was professed. Nine years later, on September 30, she died in odor of sanctity.

The little book where the Beata's life was told for the first time is made up of three manuscripts written by herself. The three were written at the request of her religious superiors. Her sister Pauline, then Prioress, is responsible for the first, in which Sister Teresa describes her childhood and her journey to Rome, where she begged

Pope Leo XIII to permit her admittance to the Carmel, in spite of her age. It is the simple, unpretending narrative of a very young girl, whose pilgrimage was her first experience of the outer world. The second manuscript was written to obey Mother Marie de Gonzague, the Prioress of that day, who, although she prized the little Sister's perfect observance of the rules, was far from treating her as a "spoiled child." It touches on the graces showered on this chosen soul, it tells of her methods with the novices, who were entrusted to her care, and reveals her humility and apostolic spirit. The last manuscript was written by the "Beata," at the request of her sister Marie; it describes her mental trials, her doubts against the faith and it illustrates the burning love of God and absolute trust in Him that spiritual darkness never quenched. These three manuscripts, and an account given by the nuns of their sister's death, make up the volume called "History of the Soul" that has been translated into twenty-five languages. Since then, many books have been written about Sister Teresa; her last biography, by an excellent Catholic, the Baron des Rotours, gives us, under a most readable shape, a vivid and well written sketch of the now popular "Little Flower."

Theologians have marvelled at the penetrating spirituality of this very young religious, at her knowledge of the Scriptures and of the great mystics, also at her wise comments on many sacred texts. Her simplicity remained unspoiled and her writings, that have fascinated priests and laymen, have no pretensions to purely literary excellence.

The Carmel of Lisieux was founded in 1835, by two sisters, Mesdemoiselles Gosselin. They had long desired to establish the daughters of St. Teresa in their native Normandy and, with the authorization of the Bishop of Bayeux, they made their novitiate at the Carmel of Poitiers. Two professed nuns of that community were allowed to accompany them to Lisieux, where the new Convent was founded. Early in 1838, eight Carmelites, professed nuns, novices and postulants, took possession of a poor cottage that stood on the ground, where the present Convent was built by degrees. It was only finished in 1877, forty years after the original foundation, the work being carried out under the direction of Mother Teresa, of St. Joseph, one of the pious sisters to whose charity it owed its existence.

The young religious who was to make the Lisieux Carmel famous, belonged to a respectable middle-class family. There are old people still living who remember her father on his way to Church with his five girls. It was well known that some of them meant to become nuns and those who saw them pass smilingly remarked: "There goes M. Martin and his community." Of the five, Teresa, the

youngest, was noticed for her beauty and gracious ways, but, on the whole, the "Beata," whose name is now familiar throughout the Catholic world, was known only to a few intimates. Even during the nine years of her life at the Carmel, she was not much spoken of outside the Convent walls; her extreme youth when she entered had created a certain stir among the friends of the Monastery; it was admired by some, criticized by many. Some reports of her holiness may have reached the outer world, for when, according to custom, her coffin lay uncovered in the chapel a devout crowd of town folk brought rosaries and medals to touch her body. This was all: beyond Lisieux, at that time, she was absolutely unknown.

It is here that the wonderful tale begins: a "golden legend," that brings a medieval atmosphere into our scientific and often unbelieving world. Almost from the day of her death, September 30, 1897, the Hand of God was at work to glorify one who by her simplicity and love, had made herself most dear to the Master's heart.

She was prayed to first at Lisieux, then in France, finally all over the world and six large volumes are filled with accounts of the apparitions, conversions and cures that rewarded her clients' trust. On her death bed, she had promised to "scatter roses" and the books where her activities are recorded are, for this reason, called "Pluie de roses"—shower of roses.

It is natural that the incidents recorded should be of unequal importance; they are, however, all signed and authenticated by the little sister's devotees and are published by the Carmelites with the permission of the Bishop of Bayeux, to whose diocese Lisieux belongs.* The petitions sent to Rome to hasten her beatification came from Bishops, theologians, military men, professors, students, etc., men and women, belonging to every nation and rank. The war gave an extraordinary impetus to the honor paid to her, her picture was in many trenches, her relics pinned to many uniforms. Instances of her having appeared to instruct, convert or encourage her clients are vouched for by officers and soldiers, who give their names and their word of honor that they speak the truth. We are not bound to believe the incidents related in the "Pluie de roses," but the fact that the young "Beata" exercised an elevating influence during the war stares us in the face! The oft-repeated tale of her sweet countenance and white mantle appearing in moments of deadly peril, may be voted, by critical minds, the effect of hallucination, if so, it nevertheless restored hope, endurance and energy to sorely tried fighting men. Sometimes she saved their lives, or else to a dying

* After the Concordat between Pope Pius VII and Bonaparte, Lisieux ceased to be a separate diocese.

soldier, whose removal was impossible, she sent the priest, whose presence he had prayed her to provide. In other cases she was *heard,* her voice, a reality or a delusion, brought light to see the danger ahead and presence of mind to avoid it. We hear of an Italian naval officer, who when cautiously guiding his ship in the Mediterannean, took out the little saint of Lisieux's picture and prayed to be led safely. "Instead of looking at me, look ahead," said a soft voice at his side. He took the advice and, in consequence, changed his course in time to escape the nearing submarine. The military crosses and medals, offered to the "Beata's" shrine by her grateful clients, fill two large frames reaching from the floor to the roof of the chapel. Within the Monastery, where only privileged priests are sometimes admitted, other more cumbersome offerings have been collected. The long corridors are filled with crutches, marble slabs, diminutive air ships, rings and crosses, fashioned in the trenches. That typical abode of peace, a Carmelite Convent, possesses an arsenal of warlike trophies unequalled in the history of Saints.

Although old Lisieux has Norman Churches and quaint wooden houses to attract the archeologist and antiquarian, it only became famous in the Catholic world, when the wonder-working little sister began to scatter her roses broadcast in the two hemispheres.

Until she was beatified her pilgrims, after praying in the small and austere chapel of the Carmel, made their way to the public cemetery, on a hill overlooking the town. Where Sister Teresa lay in the Carmelite enclosure under a plain wooden cross. My personal experience taught me that there was no need to ask the way to the grave; on entering the cemetery a murmur of prayers, recited aloud, drew me, at all times and at all seasons, to the white cross surrounded by kneeling figures. It was forbidden to burn lights on the grave, but not to cover it with flowers, letters, and during the war with photographs of soldiers at the front. Since May, 1923, when the "Beata's" bones were removed to the Carmelite chapel, pilgrimages to the cemetery rank as memories of the past.

Other transformations are also the natural consequences of the little sister's official entrance into the great Company of Saints, whose names are inscribed on the "roll call" of the Church. The chapel where she was professed has been enlarged and has lost its austere aspect. Gifts from all parts of the world have poured in from her grateful clients, whose intentions it has been necessary to carry out and though the nuns, behind their "grille," have not modified their life of poverty, gold and silver, marbles and paintings have been freely expended to adorn the House of God.

Some details of this adornment are open to criticism: the stained windows representing the young saints' miracles make us regret the work of the medieval artists, whose mystic charm was combined with wonderful colouring. A marble group behind the high altar represents the "Beata" kneeling at the feet of our Lady and the Infant Saviour; her right hand scatters roses that are given to her by our Lord and the gesture is graceful and simple.

To the right, when we face the high altar is the young saint's shrine; her relics are kept there under a life-size figure, robed in the Carmelite colors, that lies in the attitude that was hers after death, the head slightly inclined to the right. The figure is of tinted marble, not wax as it appears at first, but we are inclined to regret its brown velvet habit edged with gold braid, less impressive than the austere Carmelite garb, the "real thing," would have been. In a smaller casket are kept other bones of the saint; it is the one carried in the procession at the "fêtes" and will certainly figure when the "Beata" of today is recognized. It is of Paris workmanship but was offered by the Sister's Brazilian devotees and, except on rare occasions, it never leaves the nun's choir. It was my good fortune to see this rare work of art at close quarters. With its onyx columns, wonderful enamels and showers of golden roses, all different and each one a gem, it is a beautiful specimen of religious art; simple and graceful as befits the "Little Flower."

In a niche above the altar of the shrine is a statue of our Lady, not a work of art, but valuable because, as is mentioned in the Life, it was venerated by Sister Teresa's mother and the child herself attributed her own recovery from a dangerous illness to the prayers said before this image.

On each side of the Beata's chapel are the military crosses and decorations offered to her in gratitude by the officers and soldiers of the Great War. Thousands of these are arranged in serried ranks, an eloquent proof of Sister Teresa's popularity among the fighting men.

To many, the feature that dominates the chapel is the universality of the honors paid to the "Beata." Here is an enclosed nun, who from the age of fifteen to that of twenty-four, lived within the narrow boundaries of a provincial convent. She belonged to a family that was obscure if judged from a worldly standpoint; she was loved and admired by her religious sisters for her fervor and sweetness, but in her history, we find neither miracles, nor ecstasies, nor prophecies, yet immediately after her death, she becomes a familiar figure throughout the Catholic world. This extraordinary

popularity was evidently approved by God, for in 1922, Sister Teresa was beatified by Pope Pius XI.

Mgr. de Teil, now dead, who was the wise and zealous postulator of her "cause," considered the world-wide celebrity of one whose life was so hidden as unique in the story of the saints. It seems to set a divine seal of approval on the lessons of simplicity, trust in God and love for Him, taught by the "Little Flower."

Her universal popularity is further illustrated by the foreign flags that hang from the chapel roof; they were brought by delegates from England, Italy, China, America, etc. The marble tablets that line the walls have words of gratitude in many languages: the donors are in Chile, in India, in Brazil, etc. The words have often a familiar note that I have not noticed in other pilgrimages, the "dear little sister" is addressed as a friend, evidently in many homes. She has a privileged place, due to her youth, her sweetness and to what Mgr. de Teil used to call: her gracious ways of answering prayers.

The new altars in the chapel are many of them the gifts of English-speaking pilgrims; the two nearest to the shrine were presented by an English priest in remembrance of his two brothers, also priests. St. Joseph's altar was given by the Canadians: "in gratitude for the many graces that they owe to Blessed Teresa." The Chapel of St. Michael, by the Irish soldiers, whom she protected during the war; that of St. Teresa of Avila, by the Americans.

The stained glass windows, if not beautiful, proclaim the "Beata's" popularity in both hemispheres, for they are given by her clients in Scotland, Panama, Jamaica, etc. They represent some of the most striking of her miracles. Those among us who remember the Lisieux of thirty years ago, when the wonder worker of today, unknown to the world, was, in silence and in suffering, winning her crown, have a vision of a quaint, sleepy provincial town, with indifferent hotels and, except its fine Church and curious wooden houses, with no characteristic features. Now the pilgrims, who are allowed to peruse the visitors' book, will find there the names of several Cardinals, French, Roman, British and American.

The Patriarch of Antioch represents the East, from which have also come many native prelates and priests; very numerous too are the ecclesiastics from Holland, Great Britain and the States. Among the laity are two queens, princes and princesses, men and women with historic names, others well known in the intellectual, social and religious world of their different countries.

From two to three every afternoon the pilgrims, in groups, are allowed to visit the "Salle des Reliques," a large room that opens on the court wherein the chapel stands. A priest acts as guide and gives the necessary explanations. The central and most important object that strikes the visitor is a life-size picture of the "Beata," by Roybet, a famous French painter, now dead. It represents her in her Carmelite habit, clasping a crucifix. The sweet face was painted after a minute study of the different photos of the young religious, to which her three sisters added their impressions and explanations, when Roybet came to talk over a task that, at starting, he undertook with a very bad grace. Accustomed to paint "mousquetaires," he had no inclination to try his hand on a nun! At length he yielded to the insistence of the giver of the picture, he visited the Lisieux Carmel more than once to gather impressions and sidelights and, at last, owned to the Prioress that his task had become easy and congenial, as though his model guided his brush. The words were spoken with a smile and, of course, they simply meant that the artist no longer disliked his work, but from this remark grew a legend. Enthusiasts spread the report that the "Beata" had come down from heaven to sit for her portrait, a report that the mother Prioress begged her friends to contradict most emphatically/

What Sister Teresa did for her painter was to convert him: he was an unbeliever when he completed the picture but, when, soon afterwards he died, he had made his peace with God.

Other treasures are arranged round Roybet's great work; the "Little Flower's" habit, veil, white mantle and rosary, her discipline and hair shirt, her baptismal robe and a tiny white dress with a pink sash, her long thick curls, that were cut off when she took the habit, her needle book, scissors and pin cushion, the coarse wooden spoon and ring used by her at meals, etc.

The "Salle des Reliques" is outside the nun's enclosure, but at certain hours, when the church is closed to visitors, the Carmelites can enter it by a door of which they alone have the key. Within the cloister itself, only Cardinals and other privileged ecclesiastics are admitted; with the permission of the Bishop of Bayeux they can celebrate Mass in the "Beata's" cell, now used as an oratory.

Outside the Carmel, the sister is best remembered at "les Buissounets," an unpretending house, surrounded by a small garden, and almost buried in trees. It is now the property of the Carmelites. Teresa's room has been arranged as an oratory, where pilgrim priests often say Mass, her little chair, her books and toys are carefully preserved in the adjoining room. The garden has many memories, the Beata's happy and holy childhood was spent in this

narrow enclosure which seemed limitless to her childish vision. Beyond it stretch the green fields where she walked with her father and further still the undulating and wooded country that gives this part of Normandy the aspect of a large park.

Another building connected with Sister Teresa is the Benedictine Abbey, where she was partly educated and made her first Communion. Apart from this connection, it has the interest of great antiquity and glorious traditions, standing as it does on holy ground. The original Abbey was founded in 1050, by Lesceline, Duchess of Normandy; it was rebuilt between 1646 and 1714 by a great Abbess, Charlotte de Matignon, whose two cousins governed the diocese in succession as Bishops and Counts of Lisieux. The Revolution of 1789 drove the nuns from their home; when some years later, they returned, the broad lands and splendid buildings, once their property, were much reduced, but they bravely opened the school where the future "Beata" spent part of her childhood.

From her own account, the shy and sensitive little girl never was completely at her ease at school; her companions loved her for her sweet temper, but their games did not interest her. She was probably too much accustomed to the companionship of her elders to adapt herself completely to these new surroundings.

In consequence of the evil laws prohibiting teaching orders from receiving pupils, the Benedictines have closed their schools; they now have lady boarders and contemplate enlarging their activities on these lines, as accommodation for ladies is, at present, totally insufficient at Lisieux. On great occasions the country houses in the neighborhood sometimes receive important guests, but in some cases, pilgrims have to spend the night in their motor cars!

To cope with this enormous influx of strangers, the inhabitants of the town let out rooms, but, after all, Lisieux is only a small provincial city and its resources are inadequate on occasions like the Beatification of Sister Teresa.

As is the case at Lourdes, the money-making spirit of the natives make them keenly alive to the material prosperity brought to her fellow citizens by the young "Beata." A local guide book, published not, of course, by the Carmelites, but by the municipal authorities, says: "Lisieux, formerly visited by a few lovers of old houses, is now known in far-away countries, owing to the reputation of Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus." A "Syndicat d'Initiative" has been founded for the benefit of tourists and it is amusing to note how the well-written and well-illustrated booklet, printed for their guidance by the local authorities, assumes a suitably devout tone when it

volunteers to guide the "Beata's" clients to the different spots connected with her memory.

Even the Mayor of Lisieux, not a zealous Catholic, is keenly alive to the celebrity now enjoyed by what was a quarter of a century ago, a torpid old-world city. In another quarter, the wonder working little Sister has created a certain anxiety. When pilgrims poured into Lisieux from the ends of Europe and letters came to the Carmel by thousands, the Prioress had to face an unexpected problem. She and the nuns' ecclesiastical superior were called upon to combine a strict observance of the rule that cuts off the Carmelites from the outer world, with the honor due to the "Beata," whose clients had a right to be heard and answered.

The problem was solved by closing the Convent parlors to visitors, except to three classes of persons: benefactors, "miraculés," cured or converted by the "Little Flower," and priests or laymen, having a letter of introduction, giving a valid reason for an exception to be made in their favor. To cope with the letters delivered at the Convent was a greater difficulty still, for, at ordinary times, from 300 to 400 letters came every day and, at certain times, when the Beatification took place, for instance, they went up to 800. These letters ask for prayers or Masses, beg for relics, relate answers to petitions, etc. Last year, the Prioress enlisted the services of a community of Carmelite Tertiaries who undertook to deal with this enormous correspondence.

Before closing this brief sketch, we must mention that among the pilgrims are Protestants and schismatics, as well as Catholics of all races, social standing and age. The "Beata" appeals to the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. The contrast between her hidden life and her world-wide fame, the rapidity with which the proverbially slow Roman congregations beatified one, whose miracles carried all before them, marks the Hand of God setting its seal of approval on her spirituality. This was clearly developed by Pope Pius XI, when, on raising Teresa of Lisieux to the altars of the Church, he proclaimed the beauty of the lessons of love of God, simplicity, humility, self-sacrifice and child-like confidence left by this very young nun to her devotees throughout the world.

Comtesse de Courson.

## IN NATURE'S REALM

### A Bouquet of Squills

IT doesn't sound very attractive, reminding one of a handful of sharp, bristling quills or other such prickly objects. But when you see what delicate, lovely blossoms compose the bouquet, you will appreciate the sight and smell of it.

The Squills comprise a large number of bulbous herbs of the Lily Family. All of them were originally referred to the genus *Scilla,* from which Latin name the English one is derived, a few have been granted independence from the *Scillas,* though they are still considered Squills.

In addition to being bulbous, the Squills have other characteristics in common, chiefly narrow leaves springing from the top of the bulb, and between them a slender flower-scape topped with a loose cluster or raceme, of delicate blossoms. The flower consists of a colored perianth, deeply cut into segments; it falls away from the fertilized pistil, which develops into a roundish three-lobed capsule, with several rounded black seeds in each cell. In short, Scilla much resembles its more famous lily sister, the Hyacinth.

The most famous squill of them all is the officinal one, *Scilla Maritima,* or Sea Onion, which furnishes the medicine called squill. The plant is perennial, and grows on the coast of the Mediterranean, where many of the Scillas are native. The bulb is pear-shaped, from three to six inches in diameter, and consists of fleshy scales, closely laid over each other, and covered by thin, dry, external scales, which are sometimes red and sometimes white,—which explains the suitability of the "onion" in the name.

The juice is viscid and very acrid, but its sharpness disappears somewhat, when the bulb is dried, with a loss of medicinal quality. For handling it is cut into thin slices and exposed to artificial heat, or dried in the sun. These pieces become white or pale yellow, and retain a feeble odor, but a bitter, nauseous and acrid taste. Chemically, this bulb is a complex affair; it contains a fatty matter; citrate of lime; mucilage; sugar; a very bitter principle called scillitin; a very acrid and poisonous resinoid substance, scillipicrin, of which

three-fourths of a grain is fatal to a dog. So it would be strange if such a bulb couldn't do something for man's ills.

It can be used medicinally as an extract, in water, alcohol or vinegar, or powdered and taken as a pellet. Its effects are expectorant, diuretic, and in large doses, emetic and purgative. It has been used in combination with tartar emetic or ipecac to stimulate the vessels of the lungs, and in dropsical disease much employed. Sirup of Squills is a popular bronchial remedy.

This Squill is not merely useful, however; it is cultivated also as a garden plant, for its spike of small, white flowers. Some botanists give this Squill and several others the generic name of *Urginea*—accented on the second syllable and so a very tripping name—which is the Latinized form for Ben Urgin, an Arab tribe in Algeria, near Bona, where it was first found.

However, other species of Scilla are even more popular for early blooming bulbs. There is the Siberian Squill. *(Scilla Siberica)* of which Mr. Matthews says: "The pretty blue scilla, which appears in the grassy plots of our parks and gardens in early spring, is a welcome visitor from Siberia, come to stay in our country. It is perfectly hardy, and its refreshing blue in among the new grass blades is peculiarly harmonious with the background of green."

"First the squill, shyly modest but daring,
Peeps out of its dark, gloomy tomb,
Reflecting the pale April heaven
In delicate clusters of bloom."

—Anon. ("Early Spring")

The Spanish Jacinth, or Hyacinth, is properly named, both in its English and botanical titles. It is the *Scilla hispanica* of Spain and Portugal, cultivated for its blue or white hyacinth-like flowers. The Bell-Flowered Squill is another name for it, as its blossoms are more cupped than those of most Scillas:

"When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed."

—Lord Thurlow ("Song to May")

*Scilla hyacinthoides* is rightly translated into Hyacinth Squill, whose long racemes of lilac-purple flowers are much admired even by lovers of the Hyacinth proper.

The wild, or wood, Hyacinth of Europe is another Squill,—*Scilla nonscripta,* and a very much written-about plant in spite of its specific name. Its scape puts forth a raceme of drooping, bell-shaped flowers, in shades varying from blue, purple, white or even

pink. It doesn't need to be cultivated, being a prolific bloomer in its self-sown beds:

"All round the thorn grows fragrant, white with may,
And underneath the fresh wild-hyacinth bed
Shimmers like water in the whispering wind."

—Robert Buchanan (Boxhill, 1866)

Wood Hyacinth is much praised by the poet, chiefly the English writers. Jean Ingelow refers twice to it in "Margaret by the Mere Side":

"With hyacinths the banks are blue in spring."

* * * * * *

"A posy of wild hyacinth inlaid
Like bright mosaic in the mossy grass."

Tennyson uses it to decorate "Guinevere's" path as with Sir Launcelot she

"Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth."

Coventry Patmore, in one poem notes that "in dim recesses hyacinths drooped." Wilfred L. Randall, singing "A Song of Devon," includes "Gaths of wild hyacinths blue as the sky."

As Alfred Cochrane describes them:

"Summer is come, the forest wakes to greet him,
And while the birds their melody renew,
Look, the wild hyacinth comes forth to meet him,
And carpets all his sunlet path with blue."

—("Death and the Hyacinths")

Other European poets, famous, near-famous, or unknown, have contributed a word in this chorus of praise for such a luxuriant, lovely wild plant:

"Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom."

—Wordsworth

"By lichened tree and mossy plinth,
Like living flames of purple fire
Flooding the wood, the hyacinth
Uprears his heavy-scented spire."

—John Davidson ("Spring")

"Away where the clear brook purls—
And the hyacinth droops in the shade."

—John Stuart Blackie ("A Song of the Country)"

"Woods, with hyacinths misty blue,
Fields with the dainty white, and the dew
Bright as the day the world was new."

—J. H. P. ("Cuckoo")

If the Wood Hyacinth comes in Cuckoo-time, it leaves even before that early migrant is on the wing. As Michael Field observes:

"Once I found the trees
Grow few, so few, like hyacinths in June.
The hyacinths blue the ground spring after spring,
Although with different flowers from those you bunched
In grasp too small last year." —Callirhoe

Barry Cornwall sings of "the languid hyacinth and the wild primrose," though not exactly as contemporaries. Keats no doubt correctly places it:

"Shaded hyacinths, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May."

—Fancy

The drooping blossoms gives one anonymous poet the pretty thought of the devoutness that prevails in a wooded recess such as they love:

"Broods there some spirit here?
The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd,
And something of a tender cloister gloom
Deepens the violet's bloom."

—("A Wood Hymn")

Even a pagan poetess, with the assistance of an English poet who loved nature for her loveliness rather than for any lessons she might teach, makes use of this little plant to point a moral:

"Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hill is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground."

—Dante Gabriel Rosetti
("Beauty: A Combination from Sappho")

Another species is the Cuban Lily *(Scilla peruviana),* also called the Peruvian Hyacinth and Peruvian Jacinth, though native to neither the West Indies nor South America, but of the Mediterranean region:

"The hyacinths cluster there, as though athirst
To drink the azure seas."

—Frederick Tennyson ("The Isles of Greece")

This Squill has broad, flat, basal leaves, and scapes of purple, red or white flowers of the rotate pattern common to squilled plants,—

that is, flat and circular, or "wheel-shaped" rather than belled. This may be the species planted as a garden or path border for early blooming, though it is self-sown in its native regions:

"On sunny banks their wine the hyacinths spill
And self-betraying violets bloom thereunder."
—Bayard Taylor ("Sorrento")

"The tasselled hyacinth caressed his feet."
—Eden Philpotts ("In the Cascine")

"the leaping stream, which throws
Eternal showers of spray on the mossed roots
Of trees, and veins of turf, and long dark shoots
Of ivy-plants, and fragrant hanging bells
Of hyacinths, and on late anemones."
—Matthew Arnold ("Mount Etna")

Not to be outdone by Europe, we have one genus of Squills here in America, native, not imported. That is, it was formerly ranked with the Squills, though even Gray switched from *Scilla* to John Lindley's *Camassia,* New Latin for the Indian name of quamash, or camass, variously spelled camash, cammas, and camas. Perhaps it wasn't a very good squill, anyway, lacking the Sea Onion's toxic qualities. Indeed, this "prairie onion" of the Central and Western States has an edible bulb, and figures among vegetables of the Indians.

Camas is now generally accepted as the proper, or at least most easily mastered name for our species, though recent botanists have changed Lindley's *Camassia* to *Quamasia,*—to retain the Indian flavor, perhaps.

Even so, Camas remains a squillid enough plant, having a bulb that puts forth slender leaves and a scape that ends in a raceme of blossoms, each consisting of a perianth of six spreading segments. A peculiarity of *Quamasia* is the green bract that sits on the flower-stem which is a jointed pedicel.

The original Camas is the *Quamash quamash* of the Western United States, the bulbs of which are valued by the Indians as a tasty vegetable. They also ate the bulbs of the *Quamasia esculenta,* as the specific name implies; in blossoms we call it the Wild Hyacinth, and find it as good a Squill as any, with its raceme of white flowers, even though we are no longer permitted to call it by the name more appropriately applied to genuine *Scillas.*

The best known Camas in the country is the Eastern Camas, another so-called Wild Hyacinth. It is common in rich ground, such as moist river-banks and prairies, from Western Pennsylvania to Minnesota and Kansas, and southward into the mountains of Georgia.

Ohio offers the right soil and exposure, but is by no means the only State in which it claims its favored residence.

Originally, Gray called this Eastern Camass the *Scilla Fraseri*, but later adopted John Torrey's classification of *Camassia Fraseri*. Now that it is *Quamasia Fraseri* it is to be hoped that the plant has received a permanent specific name. Its narrow leaves have a sort of keel, or ridge, down the center, and its flower-scape often towers to the height of a foot, even more. The bract on each flower-stem being longer than the pedicel, the pale violet-blue perianth has a pretty background for its spreading sepals, not counting the prairie floor or river-bank it carpets:

"Sweet pale-blue squills glint 'neath the tangled wreath
Of fern and bramble."

—Anon. ("Summer on the Prairie")

## About the Army-Worm of the North

The Army-Worm of the North is a field insect chiefly, at least in the caterpillar stage. It occurs throughout the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and is present every year; but seldom does its inconsiderable numbers merit the first part of the name, "army," referring to the orderly processions myriads of them take in moving from a devastated field to new pastures. Then it not only attracts attention, but arouses consternation among the farmers in the districts visited.

It is by no means a new enemy to American crops, for several times during the last two centuries it has appeared in immense armies, cutting off acres of wheat, barley, oats and grass.

This worm is the caterpillar of one of the Noctuid or Night-Flying Moths, a rusty, grayish-yellow brown, with rather plain wings except for a few dark dots forming a row parallel to the outer edge of the wing, and a single white dot, or small coin-spot, near the center of each forewing.

Though night-flying mainly, the moths begin to appear about dusk, or late on cloudy afternoons, to visit the flowers in search of honey, or to collect in sociable crowds on the sides of buildings. When plentiful they may be seen clinging to or fluttering about barns and outbuildings, and one writer tells of their being "trapped by the thousands in the projecting *porte cochere* of the main building of the New Hampshire College."

The female lays her eggs in the lower end of grass-blades, down near the ground, where the leaf-edges curl over almost to touching.

In this little trough of several leaves she lays a dozen or more tiny white eggs, gluing them into position so that no wind or rain can get them out of their cradle. Timothy and redtop are favorite grasses, though grain-plants, such as wheat, oats, barley, rye, sorghum and Indian corn are also utilized.

The eggs are laid in late April and May in the latitude of the Middle States; then the moths of the resulting brood lay their eggs in June and July. Moths often appear as late as October; their eggs probably remain unhatched until the following spring.

A summer-laid egg hatches in a week or ten days into a small white worm, which spends its nights eating grass-blades and its days snugly hidden from sight beneath the grass or in other good hiding places, sheltered from the rays of the hot sun and from its enemies. At least, such is its plan, though the enemies, fortunately, are usually able to find enough of its kind to prevent the formation of any army.

At the end of a week it moults, the old skin splitting down the back to let the occupant out. Continuously feeding, from late afternoon through the night and even into the forenoon, until the sun becomes too hot, the insect grows rapidly. At the end of a month it has changed its skin several times, and is about an inch and a half long. In color, the full-grown caterpillar is a brown body striped with black, yellow and green; it is soft, hairless, and of a neat and slender build.

Full grown, it is no longer hungry, though for the month it has been eating it has stripped many a leaf from base to tip. With a loss of appetite, it becomes timid, and retreats into the ground to the depth of an inch or more, where it burrows out a cell. It casts its skin once more, and comes out a pupa, in a tight little shroud that reefs it into an oblong ball. The pupa skin shows the ridges of the moth-to-be's hind body, the wing-pads, and head modestly bowed beneath its wrappings. Often the insect pupates beneath grass-blades or any surface debris.

After a two weeks' sleep, the fully developed moth throws aside its shroud and comes forth to fly, to feed, to mate, and to die, a harmless creature except as it is the parent of about fifty future army-worms.

The caterpillar is a great eater at any stage of its existence, and since it devours useful grasses and grains is always a pest of the cut-worm sort, stripping grass-blades and even nibbling timothy heads and the succulent stalks of many grains. During ordinary years there will be individual worms feeding here and there in meadows and grain-fields, damaging only a plant here and there.

But when so numerous that before the caterpillars are fully fed the supply of food gives out, they adopt the army habit while seeking new fields. Indeed, it is the nature of the caterpillar to get an attack of the wandering foot just before it is ready to pupate; perhaps it wants one little stroll before becoming motionless for two weeks; perhaps its wings-to-be are commencing to have growing pains.

Anyway, when nearly "ripe," the caterpillars stray off to seek fresh pastures and new kinds of food. A hundred may make this shift without attracting attention, but when millions undertake it, no eye in the neighborhood can fail to see the procession.

For as their only method of transportation is to crawl over the ground, and as they move in dense masses these armies become formidable organizations. Says Dr. Riley:

"Their numbers at these times are often so numerous, and their voracity so great, that it is impossible for one who has not been an eye-witness to appreciate it fully. . . . The army-worm, when travelling, will scarcely turn aside for anything but water, and even shallow watercourses will not always check its progress, for the advance columns will often continue to rush headlong into the water until they have sufficiently choked it up with their dead and dying bodies to enable the rear guard to cross safely over. I have noticed that after crossing a bare field or bare road where they are subjected to the sun's rays, they would congregate in immense numbers under the first shade they reached. In one instance I recollect their collecting and covering the ground five or six deep all along the shady side of a fence for about a mile, while scarcely one was seen to cross on the sunny side of the same fence."

Early records show that the first of these "armies" appeared in New England in 1743, millions of them threatening to devour every living bit of vegetation. And again in 1770, according to the Rev. Grant Powers' "Historical Sketch of the Coos Country":

"This whole section was visited by an extraordinary calamity, such a one as the country never experienced before or since. It was an army of worms which extended from Lancaster, N. H., to Northfield in Massachusetts. They began to appear the latter part of July, 1770, and continued their ravages until September. The inhabitants denominated them the 'Northern Army,' as they seemed to advance from the north or northwest and to pass east and south. They were altogether too innumerable to be counted. Dr. Bouton, of Thetford, Vt., told me that he had seen whole pastures so covered that he could not put down his finger on a single spot without placing it upon a worm. He said that he had seen more than ten

bushels in a heap. They were unlike anything which the present generation have ever seen. There was a stripe upon the back like black velvet, on either side a stripe from end to end, and the rest of the body was brown. . . .

"They appeared to be in great haste, except when they halted to devour their food. They filled the houses of the inhabitants and entered their kneading troughs as did the frogs in Egypt. They would go up the side of a house and over it in such a compact column that nothing of the boards or shingles could be seen. They did not take hold of the pumpkin vine, peas, potatoes or flax; but wheat and corn disappeared before them as if by magic. They would climb up stalks of wheat, eat off the stalk just below the head, and almost as soon as the head had fallen upon the ground it was devoured.

"Other armies occurred in New York and New England in 1790 and again in 1817. In Southern Illinois they abounded in 1818. In 1842 they were very destructive; in 1856 they were threateningly numerous, but in 1861 they were a plague. Later visitations of the pests occurred in 1875, 1880 and 1896."

Of one of the 1861 hordes a writer in Danver, Mass., says: "They were seen in great numbers through the entire field of several acres, climbing up the stalks of the barley, eating the blades and cutting off the heads of grain. The day after these worms were discovered, the barley was mowed in order to preserve it, when they dropped to the ground, throwing themselves into a coil, a habit of the insect when disturbed.

"Many of them soon commenced a march for the neighboring fields and gardens, while others blindly pushed forward a column across the highways over a stone wall, where they were crushed by travellers on the road. But the main body marched to the adjoining gardens and enclosures, where the proprietors were waiting to receive them in their entrenchments, which had been thrown up a foot wide and two feet deep.

"The worms, as they fell in their advance into the trenches, were assailed in various ways by eager combatants, some spreading over them lime, tar or ashes, while others resorted vigorously to pounding them. In this way, countless numbers of them were destroyed. The rear guard, composed principally of those of smaller growth, kept in the field, where they were picked up by a troop of fifty young red-winged blackbirds. I also noticed the robins feeding on these vermin.

"In adjoining lots there were commencing their devastation upon the corn, turnips, cabbages, weeds and grass. They leave the grass

ground completely clean and white, so that it has the appearance of having been scorched in the sun. The cabbage and turnips they destroy by eating the tender parts of the plants, while they attack the corn by descending the spindle and concealing themselves in large numbers among the leaves where the corn is to make its appearance. Corn thus attacked looks wilted and drooping. In some hills, the stalks were stripped of all their leaves. There were no worms upon the potato crops, though they have killed all the grass to the borders of the field."

Mr. Comstock suggests several preventive measures: "In seasons of serious outbreak of this pest it usually appears in limited areas in meadows or pastures. If it is discovered before it has spread from these places it can be confined by surrounding the field with a ditch, or it may destroyed by spraying the grass with Paris-green water. Ordinarily, however, the worms are not observed until after they have begun to march and are widespread. In such cases it is customary to protect fields of grain in their path by surrounding them with ditches with vertical sides; it is well to dig holes like post-holes at intervals of a few rods in the bottom of such ditches. The worms falling into the ditch are unable to get out, and crawl along at the bottom and fall into these deeper holes. We have seen these insects collected by the bushel in this way."

Another method is to burn over suspected grass lands and wheat-stubble in the autumn, to destroy the moths and pupæ.

"Fortunately for the American farmer," says Mr. Weed, "the army-worm has a host of natural enemies, which generally keep it below the danger line. A large number of birds consider the juicy worms excellent eating and feed freely upon them. A list of such birds would include nearly all of our native insectivorous species that search for food upon the ground, but special mention should be made of the robin, the blackbird, the bobolink and the meadow lark, which search grass lands for insect larvae more persistently than any other of our common birds. These and other birds are very useful in keeping army-worms and cut-worms in check, and should be encouraged by everyone.

"But the birds are not the only enemies of the army-worm. In the fields where the pest has been present there have also been found a great many large black beetles. During July I examined a barley field in which the grain had recently been cut and placed in piles, beneath which the army-worms had congregated in great numbers. There were also present beneath each pile about a dozen of these black beetles, devouring the helpless worms. These predaceous beetles

are commonly called ground-bettles, because of their habit of living upon the ground, but sometimes are also called caterpillar-hunters.

"There are also many species of internal parasites that prey upon the army-worms. Among the most abundant of these are certain two-winged flies that glue eggs upon the backs of the worms. The eggs hatch into tiny footless maggots that enter the bodies of the worms when they hatch and develop inside at the expense of their unwilling hosts. Finally they kill the worms, and the maggots change to pupæ, from which they soon emerge as flies. These are called tachina flies.

"The larger ground-spiders also feed freely upon these worms; and the moths are often entrapped in the webs of the spinning spiders. More fateful and insidious even than these other enmies are the microscopic germs of a bacterial disease—a sort of insect cholera—that often attacks the army-worm when it becomes over-abundant, reducing quickly its invading ranks to below the normal level."

Six specie sof ichneumon flies prey upon them. These parasites either attach an egg to the outside of the body of the caterpillar, or insert it beneath the skin.

Mr. Walsh, who discovered the valuable services of most of these parasites, found that the tachina fly, an insect somewhat like the ordinary house fly, was in Illinois so destructive that out of nearly sixty worms all but two had the eggs of these flies stuck in groups of from one to six on the upper side of the body. From these caterpillars he bred fifty-four tachinas and only two moths. Such is their mode of attack; he says: "Jefferson Russell, an intelligent farmer, had repeatedly, on damp, cloudy mornings, watched a large, bluish-green fly, about the size of a blow-fly, attacking the army-worm, and depositing its eggs on the shoulders of the victim, as he ascertained, by a double lens. As they were attacked, the army-worms kept dropping to the ground and gathering in clusters, or hiding under clods, until finally the wheat on which they occurred was entirely free from them."

Such is Nature's way of preserving a balance between her many children; if man will but let his aides live in peace, they will look after his interests at the same time they are serving their own.

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

## EDUCATION, FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

IN 1789, the committee appointed by the "Constituante" in France, presented a scheme of constitution to the assembly without prefixing a declaration of rights to it. Many representatives, including several active participants in the war for American independence, insisted that the articles of the constitutions be preceded by a declaration of rights similar to the declaration of the representatives of the United States of America assembled in congress at Philadelphia. The same desire had already been expressed in several "Cahiers," mostly in those of the nobility. Under the influence of Comte de Montmorency and Comte de Castellane, the famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man and a Citizen" (Declaration des troits de l'homme et du citoyen), was drawn up, adopted, and solemnly proclaimed by the Constituante, August 27, 1789.

Although there are certain undeniable resemblances between the American and French declarations of right, such as for instance, the three first articles of the French preamble,[1] nevertheless a great difference underlies their political philosophy. When the delegates of the thirteen colonies expressed their views on liberty and government, they were only developing more fully the principles of the old English tradition of individual liberty as already embodied in the Magna Charta, and more recently, in the Bill of Rights (1688) and in John Locke's two treatises on "Government." The theories of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century did not influence the constitutional assembly, except some intellectuals such as Payne, Franklin or Jefferson. At any rate the influence did not extend beyond the limits of those intellectual circles; and even these were influenced to a limited degree, as appears from subsequent history. On the contrary, the influence of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and the encyclopedists, and principally, the influence of Rousseau's dreamy book on the "Social Contract," is at the very root of the political philosophy of the French revolution.

---

[1] Article I. "Men are born and remain free and equal in rights."
the natural and inalienable rights of man; those rights are property, security and resistance to oppression."
Article III. "The source of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation."

The French declaration of rights was vitiated in its application by Rousseau's philosophy. That was the logical result of his political system, which made the power of the State supreme; in reality, it was nothing but despotism under the name of liberty. If the principle is once unreservedly admitted that, when uniting in society by a social contract, men must agree, in order to remain free, in "the complete giving-over of every individual, with all his rights to the community, each giving himself entirely, just as he finds himself actually—himself and all his powers, of which the values he possesses are a part" (Rousseau: Du Contract Social, Chapter VI)—if this principle is once admitted, then there is no longer any question of retaining one's rights and liberties. The way is thus naturally paved towards absorption of the individual by the state. This is the very essence of despotism. As a matter of fact, Rousseau himself positively recognizes this in the following statement: "Just as nature gives to every man an absolute control of his members, so the social pact gives to the Social Body an absolute control of all its members." (Contract Social, ibidem).

Such a contradiction in the political conception of a dreamer would be of little interest to us if it had been taken for what it is: a shadowy, unpractical speculation. But the disciples of Rousseau, who became the leaders of the revolution, adopted it as their ideal of government. There is the principal cause of the evil.

The will of the people, we are told, is the supreme authority in the state. This seems good democracy. But how did Rousseau and those who later on carried out his principles in practice understand this?

For Rousseau and his followers, the "Jacobins," the "volonte generale" is not at all identical with public opinion as expressed by the majority of the citizens. This appears clearly from the following very undemocratic statement of Rousseau: "How can the multitude possibly, blind as it is and often not knowing what it wills because it does but seldom know what is good for it, carry out by itself so great a task, such a difficult one as to make a system of laws!" (Contract Social, Book II, Ch. VI.) In his conception of democracy, the "general will" of the people ranks above all the contingencies of a referendum and the like; it is the will of the people as interpreted by those who are in the opinion of Rousseau and the clubs qualified to know what the people ought to desire. Thus the interpretation of what the people "ought to desire" is the general will in spite of the fact that the interpretation may be contrary to the desires of the majority of citizens. "It is necessary to recreate in some fashion the people

one wishes to restore." So speaks a disciple of Rousseau, Billuand-Varenne, in a report made in the Convention, April 20, 1794, on the theory of democratic government.

Under such a conception of liberty and government, democracy is but a word, the greatest form of despotism. "The government of the Revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny." These words by which Robespierre defines the political conception of the state according to the theory of his master, Rousseau, in his mind justify all the atrocities that are committed by himself and the men of the clan under his dictatorship. It is in the name of liberty and the so-called "general will" that the clubs of the Jacobins in Paris impose their decrees, and the affiliated clubs in the country enforce them. It is in the name of liberty and of the same "general will" which they claim to represent in its highest perfection that the Jacobins, supported by the lower class, the lowest part of the mob of Paris (ten thousand men, approximately), dominate the house of representatives and impose their will on the national convention and on the whole country!

"We will make a cemetery of France, if necessary, in order to regenerate her according to our views," said Carrier, the dreadful delegate of the convention who is responsible for the death of more than 5000 citizens in the famous "Noyades" of Nantes. This statement indicates the policy of the heads of the government concerning education, another application of Rousseau's philosophy.

When the prinicple is once admitted that the so-called "general will," interpreted as it "ought to be" by those who have a right conception of the good of the nation (*i. e.*, according to the views of the Jacobins) can never be wrong or detrimental to the people, then it is the duty of the rulers not to allow any kind of opinion to express itself that does not agree with their decrees. They have an absolute control. In the theory of Rousseau, liberty of education is an obstacle to the regeneration of human nature—the very negation of *his* democratic government. "The nation has the right to bring up its children; it cannot delegate this task either to the pride of families, or to the caprices of individuals . . . We want an education that is common and equal for all French citizens; and to this education we shall give a lofty form, analogous to the nature of our government and to the sublime purpose of our Republic." These are the words[2] of Robespierre himself. And Danton, another famous tyrant: "Children belong to the Republic before they belong to the parents . . . It is in the national school that the child ought to drink the milk of the republican

[2] Robespierre's report to the convention, 18 floreal an. ii.

spirit . . . The Republic is One and Indivisible, and the public instruction ought to conform in every detail with this center of Unity."[3]

Rousseau had written in his book *Du Contract Social* that men ought to be forced to be free: "Il faut forcer les hommes a être libres." Following this principle, his disciples necessarily made the revolution deviate from its right path. In their acts they denied the essential truths proclaimed in the declaration of rights ("Déclaration des droits de l'homme"). In place of liberty they gave the French nation despotism! "This is the greatest act of autocracy," Washington exclaimed when the news of the "coup d'état" reached him, whereby the Jacobins of the Directory declared themselves deputies for a new term, two-thirds of the assembly being confirmed in their office without referring to the people.

It is stated with great truth that the autocratic government of Napoleon never would have been possible if the nation had not already been prepared for it by the leaders of the revolution. The only thing necessary to get absolute power was to substitute his personal will in place of the pure fiction of Rousseau's. Napoleon realized this very well!

Inasfar as education is concerned, Napoleon's policy does not differ from that of the Jacobins: "In establishing a teaching body my principal purpose is to gain a means of directing public opinion, both political and moral." This statement of the emperor in the "Conseil d'Etat" needs no comment. Pursuing this policy, he decrees that, "Instruction throughout the Empire is exclusively under the control of the University." (Decree of March 3, 1808.) Thus the despotism of Napoleon was the result of the French revolution.

Opposed to this philosophy of government and of the rights of the individual versus the State, stands the American conception as the Fathers of the Constitution understood it.

Exasperated by the "long train of abuses and usurpations" from the King of Great Britain and the parliament of London, they realized that the only way left to avoid despotism and safeguard their rights was to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security.[4] Hence, revolution was for them a right that the people can exercise only in extreme cases of necessity. After experiences such as those through which the colonists had passed, their representatives were inclined to distrust the

[3] Danton's report in the seance du 22 frimaire an. ii.

[4] This statement is quite in accordance with Lock's views. In his conception of the social contract, men instead of giving up all their rights to the community like Rousseau decrees, give up only the right of protecting their individual, inalienable rights and for this purpose they set up governments.

authority of the ruling power in general, always fearing that it might interfere with the free exercise of their natural rights. This hostile attitude manifests itself also in the relation of the individual state versus the federal government. The representatives in Philadelphia consistently try to give to the federal government as little power as possible; they urge this point to such an extent that they make the government's functioning nearly impossible. The result is that the Articles of Confederation must be modified when the constitution is drawn up.

Thus the conception of the State, according to the Fathers, is rather a negative one. There is no question of giving up, in favor of the State, all the rights of every individual, as Rousseau pretended. No! Their opinon is that "those inalienable rights," that men have been granted by their Creator should be efficiently protected against any possible abuses of the Government. "That government is in fact the best which governs the least." This is Jefferson's maxim; it expresses the views of the majority of his fellow-citizens, and is at the very foundation of all the constitutions, whether State or Federal.

While in Rousseau's system the State is granted authority to such an extent that even the foundations of morality and rights have to be found in the civil law, which becomes the expression of the supposed "general will," the Fathers with much more common sense, after proclaiming their inalienable rights, proclaimed also that governments are instituted among men only to *secure* them, not to absorb them, and drafted the Constitution according to their views.

If we desire to be faithful to the traditions of this great country; if we desire to have a right understanding of the meaning and the extent of the concept of liberty as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and in the Federal Constitution, we must keep this political philosophy of the Fathers in mind.

In the Federal Constitution no explicit and complete enumeration of the "inalienable rights" is made; nor is the word "liberty" defined. This was not necessary. For, according to the American conception, the State does not *grant* the rights to the individual, but only *makes them secure* for the individual. That such is the point of view of the Fathers can clearly be seen by considering the tenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

Under the meaning and extent of the concept of liberty, we must evidently also comprise those liberties that are essential. To deny one of the essential liberties, such as the liberty of religion, liberty

of opinion and, as a corrolary, of inculcating it to others by teaching, liberty of directing the education of one's own children, and so on—to deny all or any one of these would be a negation of liberty itself. It is in this sense that Black defines liberty as including, "not merely the right of a person to be free from physical restraint, but to be free in the employment of all the faculties in all lawful ways." (Black, on the constitutional law, third edition.)

The Fathers of the Constitution held such a definition as self-evident. Their concept of liberty is proved by their policy; it is the surest index to their opinion.

We limit our illustration to the question with which we are concerned. Under the despotic rule of the French Jacobins, private education is severely prohibited; the teaching communities are destroyed and their members sentenced to death; no one is allowed to hold and to propagate a theory different from that of the "social contract." Under the Constitution of the United States the private institutions of education, already favored during the colonial period, gradually develop; this development is in harmony with the spirit of liberty that is at the foundation of all the laws and constitutions of this country. As a striking example of this liberal policy in education, we need only to refer to the ordinance made by Congress for the North Western Territory, July 18, 1781: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged."

In contradiction to this liberal policy on education stands the recent Oregon school law. The situation as it appears at present may be summarized in the following manner: Will the United States hold on to the genuine American Ideals that have made them appear before the world as the "pays de la liberte"? An educational policy, like that adopted in Oregon, is more drastic than can be found in any other country of the world, except Russia. If it is upheld by the Supreme Court, it means the destruction of the American political philosophy; it means, in a word, that America is no longer free America.

CHARLES MERCIER, Ph.D—(candidat es lettres),
Professor of Philosophy, University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

70780

PERIODICAL

THIS BOOK MAY NOT BE
TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

DOES NOT CIRCULATE